

THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

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VOL. X.—No. 2.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1892.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVENTURES OF AN EGG FIEND.

BY M. C. MCINTOSH.



miles wide is dotted with rocks and islands varying in size from a country schoolhouse to several hundred acres in extent. On the barest and most exposed of these rocks the great gray gull lays its eggs. They are of a mottled dark and light green color and large as a turkey egg. The nest is simply a slight depression in the bare rock from which the wind frequently blows the eggs and the waves wash them away, for the gull sits on the eggs only at night, allowing the sun and heat of the rocks to do the rest.

The grey gull lays three eggs and then quits, unless the eggs are destroyed. In that case she keeps on laying until she has three eggs in her nest if it takes until the first of August, when the sun gets so hot that the eggs bake before they hatch. The garnet gull's eggs are little larger than a domestic hen's egg but of the funniest colors, varying from pale blue to jet black, and four constitute a nest. The garnet takes more pains with its nest than the grey gull, using sticks, grass and pebbles to make a slight protection for the eggs. These two kinds of gulls begin to lay their eggs as soon as the ice is gone from among the rocks—generally the first week in May. Three weeks before this even, the loon with her pretty flock of sixteen to twenty young ones will have come off from some sheltered, bushy island and gone sailing and bobbing away among the ice cakes. Ducks, geese, herring gulls and other water fowl nest in June on the bushy, pebbly or marshy beeches.

Tanners, in finishing fine leather, use large quantities of eggs, buying on the market what

are known as "seconds." The firm of Benford & Co., at Chelsea, Mass., make egg yolk and egg albumen for tanners, and having heard of some of my work in the line of woodcraft wrote me regarding the cost of securing 50,000 dozen gulls' eggs. My reply was such that one Friday last May my labor was interrupted by the receipt of the following telegram: "Money to your order at National Bank of Illinois. Start at once. Instructions mailed to Midland."

BENFORD & CO."

By vigorous use of the wires I obtained the promise of fifteen days' leave of absence by 2:30 o'clock Saturday, which any one who has had experience with Governmental "red tape" will admit to be quick work, though I had been off a week before I received the official permit. Saturday evening I received the following from my old friend the harbor master at Midland: "Eggs are plenty. Come immediately."

E. POLKINHORN."

My camp chest is always packed with a simple outfit suitable for a week or a year in the woods and was already at the depot. With a round trip ticket in my pocket I boarded a Pullman bound for Toronto on Sunday afternoon. A glorious ride through the waving fields and blooming orchards of Northern Indiana and Central Michigan, every breeze laden with delicious sensations for me after six months of close confinement in a city office, and at midnight we crossed on the old ferry from Fort Gratiot to Point Edward. Reaching Guelph at sunrise, the prettiest town in Lower Canada, I discovered that owing to the cold, dry weather the crops had not started and the fields and orchards were bare and brown. About the same time I made the discovery that my train failed to connect with that on the Midland at Toronto and I should be obliged to stay all day there. The railroad maps showed that another road crossed our line at Georgetown and ran toward Midland. But the conductor knew nothing about it and the time table was equally ignorant. At every stop I inquired at the depots, but could learn nothing. At last on one of the large official time cards posted in a depot I found the time of trains running from Georgetown to Allandale. I tore it down and ran to the train which was already moving. The station agent came next, a good second in the race, but failed to catch on, as it were. I still had to find a connecting link between Orillia and Allandale to make a complete route to Midland. This was supplied by a sporting man, who was arranging for the annual regatta at Barre.

With full confidence I stepped off at George-

town Junction, and saw my camp chest go flying on towards Montreal. A walk of half a mile in the cold morning air gave me an appetite for a good breakfast, but not for the breakfast set before me at the Queen's Hotel. Burnt steak, nearly raw potatoes, and villainous coffee constituted the menu and was the only poor meal I ever ate in Canada. I did not eat it, though. After paying my bill I walked to the depot of the Northern Railroad, feeling much refreshed. The country between Georgetown and Allandale has the appearance of being the most prosperous farming region in Canada. Good barns and fine brick farm-houses are seen on almost every farm. Ten years ago I was through this same section; then it was all cedar swamp and pine barrens.

The ride from Barre to Orillia, along the shores of beautiful Lake Simcoe, was equal to our Mississippi River scenery, and I am told that Lake Simcoe is as treacherous as Lake Pepin, though covering three times the area of the latter. On a hill overlooking Orillia and the lake stands one of those handsome public buildings which were so characteristic of good old Sir John's government. From Orillia to Midland the road runs through a desolate succession of bare granite ledges and cedar thickets. At Waubaushene my old friend the harbor master came on board. He is a typical Cornishman, short and fat, with a large round head and stubby grizzly beard. When he walks down stairs you would think from the sound that it was a keg of fish rolling down and striking every step. After various disappointments I succeeded in securing a tug and crew for my trip among the islands of Georgian Bay.

THE CRUISE OF THE EVA BELLE.

My little tug was staunch but slow, with ample deck room and with all well fitted for the work. My crew consisted of Wm. Kitchen, pilot, Wm. White, owner and engineer, Commodore Davis as mate and Uno for watchman. The morning of May 22 dawned as other bright May mornings. My provisions, barrels and camp chest were on the dock, but no Eva Belle in sight. At nine o'clock she came in towing a scow and then it took two hours to get all four of us on board at once. White went for some tobacco, then Davis went for his tent and by the time he got back I had to go for some nails. While I was off Kitchen got away and we finally had to blow the whistle long and loud to bring him aboard. Then we found we had some superfluous dogs (friends of Uno) on board. After kicking two or three overboard the remainder took the hint and barked their farewell from the dock.

Away we went down the blue bay to the Giant's Tomb, then out through the channel toward Hope Island Light and the Christian Islands. We passed the entrance of the Harbor of Penataugueshene without being able to see the beautiful haven and the historic little town. One hundred and eleven years ago a little band of priests had gathered a numerous band of Indian converts on the shores of the little bay. One night a band of warring Hurons fell on the little settlement and left not a soul to tell how the deed was done. At four o'clock we reached the Western Islands. The commodore and the pilot and myself went ashore to pick up eggs while the engineer got supper ready. He soon had to let the supper go and pack eggs. In two hours we picked up four barrels of gray gulls' eggs. Then we had to run into the harbor in the centre of the islands before it got too dark. After supper we went up on the rocks to a fisherman's shanty for a smoke and visit. Returning at ten o'clock we found everything white and slippery with frost.

I fixed up a bunk between two fish cars, spread the tent overhead and slept very comfortably until seven o'clock, then a cold fog drifted in under the tent and worked its way into my very bones. White and Kitchen were so warm in the fire hold that sleep was out of the question with them, while Davis, who was supposed to sleep on a shelf in the pilot house, was out walking the deck most of the night. Thursday morning was as foggy as Wednesday had been bright. At ten o'clock the fog lifted enough so we could see to get clear of the rocks and set our course for the fishing station at Campbell's Rock, where I hoped to make arrangements with the fishermen to bring the eggs off the Umbrella and Pancake islands, while I proceeded up the shore to Point au Barrie and got Indians from Shawanago River to collect the eggs from the Limestones for a couple of weeks. When I left the Westerns I intended to run in to Parry Sound and telegraph the Canadian Minister of Agriculture for permission to get the eggs, for I found that a turbulent fish buyer at Midland was trying to make trouble for me. But within an hour after leaving the Westerns we were completely lost in the fog, shoals and rocks on all sides and an echo returned four-fold from all quarters. All day long we kept sufficient speed to give steerage and by keeping constant watch met with no serious accident. At six o'clock the sun came out and the brisk north wind soon cleared away the fog, when, after some calculation and observations, we found ourselves in the Long Sauté channel.

We ran into a little cove and set up the tent on the only bit of sandy beach I saw in all the time I was in Georgian Bay. The commodore and I collected a large supply of pitch pine while the other two were loading wood for the tug. After supper of ham and eggs, bread and gravy, coffee and crackers, we sat around the camp fire and played cards until nine o'clock. Then the jack torch was fitted up in the prow of the skiff and lighted. For an hour we coasted along the rocks of Long Sauté, spearing two, three and four pound black bass and an occasional pike or sucker. One pike weighed eight pounds and we got two five pound bass. At ten o'clock we returned to the tent and counted our catch—sixteen black bass weighing fifty pounds; one rock bass, a half-pounder who would not get out of the way of my spear; five pike and three suckers weighing forty pounds more. That night about two o'clock the wind came from the north in a gale which threatened to carry away our tent and chilled us to the marrow.

Friday morning we turned out early and cut wood for an hour to get warm. The way that tug consumed wood was a caution. I think we loaded fifty cords in the four days we were out.

We had lost one day and would lose another at least by running in to Parry Sound, so I concluded to keep out in the lake and take my chances with the fisheries inspector if I could not dodge him. The Indians at Shawanago refused to go out to the Limestone Islands for any pay I could reasonably offer. The cowards were afraid the weather would not be pleasant and no boat can live in a storm at the Limestones, so I had to go to the Limestone Islands myself. The wind was blowing hard but did not worry us until we got outside the Mink Islands. Then every two minutes the sea would wash clear over the deck. The engineer wanted to run back into the lee of the Minks and wait for the wind to go down. I was paying \$10 a day for the tug and wanted to go ahead if possible. The channel was full of shoals and it was decided I should stand look out if I must go ahead. I mounted the forward locker and for two hours hung on by my eyelids and watched for rocks. Being inexperienced I could not see a rock until we got unpleasantly close and then I could not tell whether there was four feet or eight feet of water over it. Our tug drew five feet. Consequently I had some pretty bad scares. When we ran in under the lee of McCloys Island I was cold and wet and mad and wished Benford & Co. were hunting their own gulls' eggs.

The pilot declared he would not undertake to run the tug any nearer to the Limestones in that wind. While he and the engineer got dinner, the commodore and I took a skiff and rowed out to the Pancakes and got a lot of eggs. The Pancakes are round, flat rocks not high above the water. At four o'clock the wind went down some and the five of us, counting the dog, got into the big skiff and rowed out to the North Limestone and got a large quantity of grey gull eggs, then we rowed two miles to the South Limestone and found thousands of garnet gull eggs. In a short time we had our baskets filled and calculated we had about 300 dozen eggs in them. It was 7:15 when we started back to McCloys, the wind rising every minute. In half an hour the commodore had to stop and bail out. Every wave that struck the boat square made the eggs crunch and in the two hours we were out in the storm we lost half the eggs; they leaked through the bottom of the baskets and the commodore bailed them out.

For two hours the four of us rowed with all our might to cover the six miles back to McCloys. At one time we considered the advisability of turning and rowing with the wind, thinking we would more easily arrive at Midland, eighty miles to the south, than to reach McCloys. However, at 9:15 we climbed on board the tug. The others were so tired that they proposed to make some coffee and go to bed. I kindled a fire on the shore and found the ham and soon they were all beginning to take a lively interest in my frying pan. After a hearty supper the commodore and I went to sleep in the wood hold, which was again empty. We slept late next morning and were stiff and sore from the long row of the previous evening. At nine o'clock we got away and ran for Black Bill's Islands. Found a nice little harbor for the tug and all went in the skiffs to the surrounding rocks to look for eggs. Thousands of gulls but few eggs were found. When we returned the tug was hard on the rocks and it took much time and work to get off. Then, without stopping for dinner we started for Midland, ninety miles away. But alas, inside of ten yards we ran upon a rock that had hooks on it, apparently, for we had an awful time getting off. Then we felt around for fifteen minutes before we found a place deep enough to let us out.

Once in deep water again we set dinner cooking and took life more comfortably. We got into Midland at eleven o'clock that night. I slept in a civilized bed once more. How I did sleep! I slept so hard I was all tired out when called to breakfast.

I made arrangements with the captain of the Lilly Hunter to go over the same ground the following week while I went to French River, the Pappoose and Gull islands. But Monday noon the Canadian authorities made it so plain to me that I was in conflict with the law that I took a cue from the sheriff that "the three o'clock train was a mighty good train to go to Chicago on," and telegraphing the consular agent to meet me with blank consignment papers at Waubaushene, I got my eggs into the hands of the railroad company and got away; none too soon, I afterward learned.

MONTANA'S SCENERY CAN'T BE SURPASSED.

If there is ever a time when a Montanian feels confident, feels absolutely and unalterably above the common herd, and in possession of the best, it is when scenery is mentioned. Colorado may proximate us in producing precious metals, other States in other products, but when it comes to scenery there are no statistics to abash the claim a robust cheek urges us in making. We can afford to disregard it, of course—most of us do. In a campaign speech, to be sure, you will sometimes hear references to "purple heavens, broad plains and granite hills, golden ribbed," and even while you hear it is to the accompaniment of the noise made by the discontented who file forth from the back seats. Purple is no doubt a fine color, and may or may not be that of the heavens; but as no two persons agree precisely as to its hue, we are not practically benefitted by any assurances concerning it. For the plains being broad, no one ever disputed either their length or their breadth. As for the hills, we are naturally glad to hear of any gold ledges, but feel the information that the country rock is granite to be rather vague. We have perfectly orthodox ideas of what a pretty town is, and what goes toward making it—nice homes, trees, grass, flowers and so many steeples; and we are all agreed that the climax of, and synonym for ugliness, is Butte—dusty, muddy, dirty and smoky—Butte with gulfs for streets and smoke veils for atmosphere. We take pride in the National Park—proprietary pride—we boast vaguely and believe ourselves in sympathy with sunsets. We are keenly interested in hearing of a glacier within our borders that will, metaphorically speaking, make Mont Blanc turn pale. Nobody ever heard of a Montanian caring for the Yosemite or "taking stock" in Niagara. When we travel we go to see big towns, great buildings, fine theatres, famous streets; and when we come home we look about us complacently—it may be a cold evening with the sky steel blue over the snow and the sharp-cut mountains, and golden, mirage lights in the west—and we say: "Well, there is one thing Montana's got: Where will you get scenery to beat it? Just look at the color up that canyon—natural as a chrome!"—*Deer Lodge New Northwest.*

ELECTRICAL LAUNCHES.—A Seattle electrical expert is fitting up a number of launches for Lake Washington with storage batteries, by which they will be propelled, charged from the trolley wires of electric railways. These will be the first electrically-propelled water craft on the Pacific Coast, and will run for eight hours without recharging. They will be constructed on the Herreshoff model, with a speed of from eight to ten miles per hour. Launches of the same pattern are said to be in common use on the river Thames. It will require four hours to charge one of the batteries, but the added weight after recharging is inappreciable, so that it is carrying a power of no burden to the boat.

The Curse of the Black Cross

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

The Bad Lands of North Dakota possess a deviating beauty—a mad and mystic individuality illish charm—a savage serenity—a fierce yet fascin of infinite serenity and strength.

Imagine—but you cannot imagine—a land of serried buttes that tower in titanic battalions—away, away and away until swallowed in the secret of abysses of an awful perspective. Imagine—but you cannot imagine—that these buttes are of numberless and noble formations. Cities more imperial than Athens; bastions more terrible than those of Sebastopol; temples more enchanting in architecture than any wherein the followers of Mahomet bow in folly to a false Prophet—now deader than the dearest worm that feasted on his flesh; fanes at which Saint Cecilia might have knelt and melted the air with the songs of adoration that have pulsated through the centuries until to-day—all these and other forms, innumerable as imperial, are duplicated here, as far as surface resemblance is concerned. And these buttes are of all conceivable colors: the bluest blue; the whitest white; the reddest red; the greenest green; the yellowest yellow—with all intermediate shades, foiled by grays that are ghastly and blacks that terrify the vision by starting out in bold relief at unexpected places, like the death's head at a festal board. And between these buttes are grasses and ground-juniper, watered by streams that sing and snarl their way to the Little Missouri. Few flowers are visible—few trees, few shrubs, and a silence that passes understanding—a silence unbroken by carol of bird, or hum of bee, or chirp of cricket holds the sense of hearing in a subtle spell.

I was sojourning in the Bad Lands last May, by commission of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE and on one morning that was preternaturally scintillant and still, Jim Foley and I went off for a stroll that terminated on a butte 250 feet high—a butte overlooking Medora—the hamlet where the Marquis de Mores signalized his capricious characteristics in other years. The view was vast, uncanny, mesmeric, and as I stepped aside to catch a better look at a ruin more desolate, than any that Vandal ever left in wake of hoof, steel or fagot, I half stumbled on a hillock hidden by sage-grass and a gorgeous bunch of golden bloom.

"Why, Jim!" I said, turning to my bright, handsome, young comrade, "this looks like a grave!"

"It is a grave. Look!" He had stooped down in his boyishly graceful way, and parted the rusty leaves from a board, in which was cut the following:

BERT HOLMAN.

"And who was Bert Holman?" I queried.

"He used to own the ranch, just beyond that butte," replied Jim—pointing to a butte called 'The Bastille.' And, forsooth, it looked like the pictures we see of that dread, damned prison-house—a stern, relentless, cruel scar upon the radiant glory-sky of God.

"Bert Holman came here a few years ago," Jim went on, in his own captivating way, "and I tell you he was a handsome fellow. We all liked him, just as soon as we saw him, but he bought the ranch over yonder, and we hardly

saw anything of him after that. The Marquis and my father were riding past his place one day, and thought they'd pay him a call; but, while he treated them civilly enough, he showed, by his mood and manner, that he wanted to be left alone. After that he had no visitors.

"One evening he happened in at the Medora post-office while I was there—this was a few weeks after Father and the Marquis had called on him—and asked for his mail. He and I were the only persons present save the postmaster, who handed him his several letters, and a paper. He looked over the envelopes indifferently, opened the paper languidly, looked through it carelessly, and was preparing to fold it up, when he saw something in its columns that made him clinch the sheet, and stagger, while a bloody froth showed itself betwixt his teeth.

"'What is the matter, Mr. Holman?' I cried, for I knew him and liked him well.

"Howells!"

"Yes; but the story?"—It was no time for literary criticism.

"Well; the Marquis and Father called for me to follow, and we were spinning off through the sunlight. We rode on and on and on, in varying directions, till finally we came to this very spot, and here we found him lying, with that paper in his hand.

"'Holman!'" said Father.

"He opened his great, grand eyes.

"'What is it, my boy?'" queried the Marquis, looking down upon the dying man with an intensity of human appeal, in his own half-tearful eyes.

"'Read!'" was the reply—the dying fingers wavered—the dying eyes looked up to the Marquis—the dying voice quavered, trying to save its strength.

"Reverently, the Marquis read:

TREVILICK-THACKERA:—By Bishop —, at Christ



"FOUND HIM LYING WITH THAT PAPER IN HIS HAND."

"O, God! if there be a God!" and with that he tore himself away, and out, and off.

"I told Father of the circumstance, when I went home, and he went over and told the Marquis, but a storm had rolled up in the mean time and they could do nothing 'till it had thundered by."

"Next morning was just such a morning as this, and they started for the Holman ranch. I mounted my pony and followed, through the songless green and glory of the resplendent hour—for the tempest had swept by, and left us our old, still, sunlit land again.

"On reaching the Holman ranch, we found it deserted. It was a pretty little place, in a grassy gulch. The house had two rooms, both remarkably furnished. But, there! I shall not become realistic on your hands. I think Howells, James, and others of that crowd, can do enough for you in that respect."

Jim here stopped to pass a laugh that was more than half a sneer, adding:

Church, Sedgewood-on-Thames, July 14, 1882, Edith, daughter of Lord and Lady Trevillick, Bar-na-moor Castle, Kent, to Robert, son of Lionel and Trellawney Douglas Thackeray, of Holme Hall, Warwickshire.

"The Marquis said nothing. He stood as one petrified. My father stooped down and shook the dying man.

"'Holman!'

"'Y—e—e—s!'

"'Bert!' said my father, shaking him again, 'Come and go home with us.'

"'No!' Up from the buttes came the echo—"No!"

"'Come and go home with me Bert—home!' pleaded the Marquis.

"'No! Home. I am home at last—at last! But—with a sudden strength, 'May the curse of the Black Cross befall her.'

"A relaxation of every muscle, and he was dead.

"The Marquis turned away with a shudder. 'The Curse of the Black Cross,' I heard him mutter."

* * *

"A year had dumped its men, women, dogs, reptiles and all animated creation into the mould, as some year will dump you and me—when we learned that Thackera had been sealed up in a tomb, and that his wife had given birth to a beautiful boy with"—

Here Jim hesitated.

"With—the Curse of the Black Cross on his brow."

"How?"

"A black blotch on his pretty forehead. His mother had heard of the curse, you know, and prenatal influences figured it through and through."

"And the mother?"

"A maniac in the Bloomingdale asylum of New York to-day."

"And the boy?"

"Dead."

"It is well."

WITH GOD FOR WITNESS.

Frick Dent lay on his bunk and listened to the howling of the wolves in the timber and the more oppressive breathing of his partner. He had been awake for hours, and not being a thinking man, he had absolutely nothing to do. The fir-tree over the shack dripped slow moisture on the roof, and through the warped glass of the window one star was blurred and half smeared out. The heavy cotton comfortable lay unyielding, like a mattress, upon him, and he grew cold. He got up, crept across the gritty floor, slid on his boots, and went to the door. Outside, the dripping forest of gigantic evergreens pressed against the one-roomed shack; two freshly felled trees supported themselves half up, like a man on his elbow; a faint trail from the door lost itself in the darkness of the undergrowth. Frick picked up the double-bit axe by the door, and went out for firewood. As he moved in the underbrush he heard a slight sound behind him, and stopped to listen. There was a blaze, a zip, and he fell forward. He felt himself being dragged over uneven ground. He opened his eyes when he heard a snapping and crackling near him; he was lying on a comfortable beside the stove, which burned freshly. Tom was pulling off his boots, and sobbing and moaning over him, like a man in a nightmare. He got breath to say:

"Tom."

"Frick, boy, I didn't go to. I was asleep. I heard somethin'; I w-as dreamin' of b'ars. Lord! Lord! He don't hear."

The little flimsy stove was red hot, and the blood soaked into the comfortable from the man's side. Tom tore strips from the mattress on the bunk, and tried to tie them around the great hairy chest. Frick moaned.

"Tom," he said, "we're friends, ain't we?" His hand groped feebly.

Tom laid his unshaved cheek on Frick's side, above the jagged hole.

"We're friends?" he asked again.

"Yes, yes, Frick. I'd a sight ruther done it to myself." He sat on the floor holding the chill hand and pressing the coarse cloth against the pumping wound. The fierce fire died out from the stove, the iron creaking as it cooled.

Frick lay with his eyes staring open. "They'll say you killed me a-purpose," he breathed. "You'd ought to get a witness, Tom."

"I ain't kerlin' what they say. I ain't goin' to leave you here dyin' while I'm off lookin' up witnesses."

After a long pause Frick said, "You tell 'em I was loadin' ketriges when you went out, and when you kem back I was like this."

Tom shook his head. "I ain't kerlin' what they say."

"Gimme a pencil, Tom; don't be a fool!"

Tom lit a tallow candle stuck in the neck of a

bottle, and lifted Frick against his knee, while he held a piece of paper against the sole of one of the boots he had dragged off. The stiff greenish hand closed over the pencil, and Frick traced the word "Friends;" but the point was gone, and the pencil left no mark. Then he drew a hard quick breath, and slid out of Tom's arms. Tom laid him down and drew him out straight, and gathering up the blood-stained rags, threw them into the cold stove, and sat waiting for morning. When the light came, he took the dead man over his back, and shutting the door of the shack, started down the trail from the claim toward the river. The trail was very slight; the partners had only been holding down the claim for a few weeks, and it was all that Tom could do to keep his feet with the swinging sagging weight on his back. He reached the river, a mere winding stream, and laying Frick in the stern of his boat, and covering him with a coat, he took the oars. It was early morning, and a sheet of white mist steamed up from the water, and was torn and hung in great shreds among the far branches of the evergreens. Through the white stillness they passed slowly down the winding stream. It was a long journey for the rower, with the silence of the woods about him and the silence of the dead beside him; but as evening came, he saw the light of the town below; it was the clear electric star above the first saw-mill. When he brought up at the wharf, a few idlers were standing about.

"What have you got there?" asked one, out of the fullness of his laziness.

Tom lifted his eyes from the expressionless heap in the boat and said, "Tell your coroner to come down here."

They put him into the little strong house with bars across the window, and questioned him. Then the local press sent "representatives"—the editor and proprietor—to interview him; and the little innocent children came and looked in at him, standing upon boxes for the purpose. He made one clear statement at the inquest; after that he would not talk. Three days later they came to him with the news. He got up slowly.

"You don't understand," said the doctor. "You're a free man."

"Yes, I understand well enough," he answered, turning down toward the river.

"What are you going to do?" asked the doctor, suspiciously.

"I'm goin' up to the claim," he said.

The doctor watched him get into his boat and pull slowly up the river, and still stood watching until the man and boat were lost in the solemn pines.—*Louise Herrick Wall, in Harper's Weekly.*

FROM HOPE TO HEL.

The traveler along the Northern Pacific from Helena to Hope "and return" will find something to amuse him by glancing at the mile posts. From Helena he will read at intervals of so many miles to Hope and if he be a new tourist he will wonder what sort of a town it is that bears this promising name. If his hopes are built high he will be disappointed when he finds a patch of a town perched on the shore of beautiful Lake Pen d'Oreille. While returning he will see posts bearing the threatening information, "Hel" so many miles. If he is possessed of a sensitive nature and easily alarmed his nerves will be quieted when he learns from the trainmen that "Hel" is merely an abbreviation for Helena. Add a vein of humor and it is a ten to one bet that upon his return home he will tell his natives that in his tour West he came to a strange country where it was possible to leave "Hel" for the allurements of Hope or Helena for the uncertainties of "Hel." Then, as a climax, he informs his listeners that the latter place is the proud capital of Montana and the most charming city in the Rocky Mountain country.—*Helena Independent.*

MAKING COKE FROM LIGNITE.

A subject of great interest to Montana is indirectly suggested by an article in a recent number of the *Age of Steel*. The article has more direct reference to the iron interests of Texas, where the question of suitable coal for its manufacture has hitherto been one of serious importance. The State was known to contain large quantities of lignite, but by no known method could it be utilized in the reduction of hematite iron ore to pig iron; so that charcoal, at great cost, was the only apparently available fuel that could be used for the purpose.

But, some months ago, Professor E. T. Dumble, the State geologist of Texas was sent to Germany to investigate the process in use there of making coke from lignite. A few days ago the professor returned from his trip, which he says was successful in the highest degree, and all the information that could be given him by the German scientists that would enable him to solve the problem of using the lignite of Texas, was freely tendered. The new theory of making coke gives a valuable article, its steam producing power, it is claimed, being one and one-half times as great as that of the best anthracite. Those familiar with the difficulties hitherto experienced in the matter of securing fuel for the manufacture of iron in Texas say that the new process will revolutionize the iron making industry of the State.

Bearing the foregoing in mind, providing the information is every way reliable and taking into consideration the facts that Montana contains extensive fields, and practically an inexhaustible supply of lignite, and that the home demand for an excellent quality of coke for smelting and other purposes is, or soon will be, almost unlimited, the subject, as presented in the *Age*, is one of transcendent importance, not only to Eastern and Northern Montana—which are supposed to embrace most of the lignite deposits of the State—but to the State at large.

With the exception of small seams of true bituminous, or coking coal, which have been discovered here and there in the Belt Range, all the coal deposits so far found in Montana—and they are both numerous and abundant—are of a decidedly lignite character, and are only considered valuable as a sort of "make shift" for domestic purpose or steam generating fuel, where more desirable coal is comparatively scarce and somewhat extremely expensive. Even the small quantity of coke produced at Cokedale, Cinnabar and, perhaps, some other points in the State, appears to be so inferior in quality that the demand for it is limited and its production is thus rendered comparatively unprofitable.

On the other hand, if the lignite, which is so abundant and easy of access, can by any economical process be converted into a superior article of coke, then hundreds of mines, which are now lying idle for want of a profitable market for their output, could soon be made so profitably productive as to give remunerative employment to thousands of operatives, and would add such a new and important industry to our present productive resources as would in the near future constitute Montana the most populous and prosperous, as it is now acknowledged to be the richest State in the Pacific Northwest.

The subject is certainly so fraught with important possibilities as to suggest careful investigation into its alleged merits, not only on the part of the owners of lignite lands and mines, but on the part of the State authorities of Montana.—*Bozeman Avant Courier.*

Fergus Falls, Minn., expended about \$150,000 in new buildings and improvements during the past year.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FALLEN BANKS ON THE YUKON.—The recent explorers of the Yukon, the great river of Alaska, brought back many interesting sketches of the landscapes along that almost unknown stream. Among them was the picture presented on this page of a place where the swift current has so cut into the clay banks that enormous land slides have taken place on one side of the river, while on the opposite side the effect has been to cut out from the main land and leave standing a huge pillar of soil and rocks, which towers up to a height of over a hundred feet and is crowned by a clump of pines.

**

YOU "WINK THE OTHER EYE."—When people get something into one of their eyes they almost invariably make the mistake of rubbing the eye

Supervising Special Agent Tingle reports to the Treasury Department, that during the past year nearly seventy thousand pounds of opium for smoking purposes was prepared at Victoria, every pound of which was smuggled into the United States. Our neighbors across the border do not scruple in the least to engage in this traffic, as it adds very largely to their bank account.

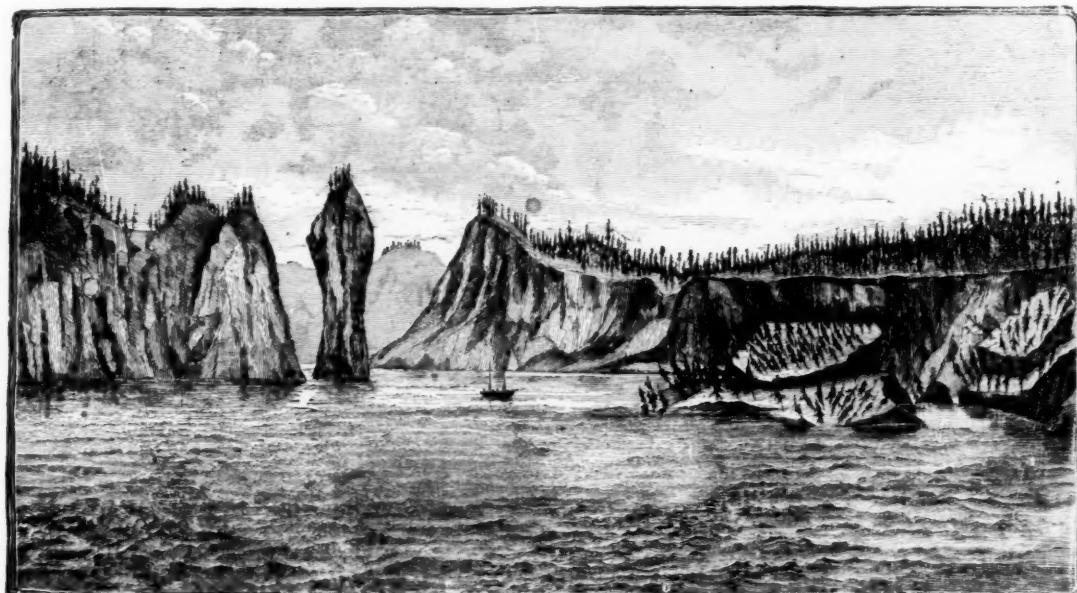
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GEOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.—There is a genuine geological curiosity on the Henning farm, two miles out of town. While digging a well there a deposit of regular Irish peat was penetrated at a depth of about seventy feet. The deposit is about five feet thick and is of that mossy substance which furnishes Ireland's chief fuel. In fact, Jack Hodgson, a son of Erin, who made the discovery, says that it is even superior to the native article, as the fiber is tougher and contains more meat, so to speak, than the attenuated remnants of the "ould country." None of it has been used for fuel, though a thorough test of it will soon be made. Scientists may busy themselves with an explanation of the singular freak and inform a curious public why and how this country is encroaching

ore bodies opened it is an easy matter to determine the value of that ore. The man who buys a developed mine makes a business investment, as he can tell to a reasonable certainty the value of the ore blocked out. There can be no safer investment than this, and the profits are much larger than in any other business. Mining products have a permanent value, and there are no perishable goods and no competition, as there is always a market for the product.—*Deer Lodge New Northwest.*

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DECLINE OF THE COLUMBIA SALMON INDUSTRY.—The *Oregonian* learns that the total salmon pack on the Columbia this season was 429,000 cases. The figures given in the report of the commission, 245,550 cases, were for the canneries located on the Oregon side only. It appears from this that the total pack was not so much less than that during the seasons of the highest prosperity of the salmon industry, as the official report seemed to indicate. However, the number of canneries on the Oregon side has been reduced from thirty to eighteen, and the number of boats on the entire river from 1,500 to 1,000. The high price demanded for fish on the Columbia and the low market price of the canned goods, combined with



FALLEN BANKS ON THE YUKON.

which the speck has entered. This is a mistake. The right thing to do is not to rub the injured eye, but the other one; by this means it will be found that the speck of dirt or other foreign matter will be best brought out.

**

SITTING BULL'S CABIN.—Sitting Bull's cabin has been purchased and is now erected near the Northern Pacific depot at Mandan, where it will remain till the time arrives to take it to Chicago for the World's fair. The cabin came to town "knocked down." It had been taken apart very carefully, every piece being numbered, and it will be possible to reconstruct it exactly as it was at the time of the death of the Sioux chief. There are all around it marks of the last struggle of Sitting Bull. The floors are marked with blood—the results of the fighting that went on inside. The logs that compose its sides are pierced with bullets from rifles and pistols.

**

OPIUM SMUGGLING.—The enormous profits in opium smuggling, entirely due to the high duty in this country, have induced the employment of large capital among the residents of such cities as Victoria, and other points in British Columbia.

on what has hitherto been granted to be Ireland's peculiar product. In the same well at eighty feet a well-preserved walnut log was also penetrated. The log is about two and one-half feet thick and has been charred by fire, though otherwise it is uninjured and when whittled looks like a piece of seasoned timber.—*Oakesdale (Wash.) Sun.*

**

GET YOURSELF A MINE.—Mining as an industry is the safest and most profitable business on earth. Failures in legitimate mining are less than in any commercial business. Many mines are paying from twenty-five to forty per cent per annum on their capital stock. Most of these stocks were purchased at from twenty-five to fifty cents on the dollar, making an investment of from fifty to a hundred per annum. Stock deals in mining are a thing of the past, and mines are now worked for the money they produce and and they must be well developed before they can be sold and then they must be offered on a business basis. Many mine owners develop their mines and refuse to sell them at any price, saying their mines are their banks and that their money is safer in them in the shape of ore than in a bank. When mines are developed and the

the prolific of yield of Alaskan fisheries, are the causes of the decline in the business.

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HEATING HOUSES FROM A HOT SPRING IN IDAHO.—The hot water from Boise's artesian well is to be put to a new use. The experiment of heating residences by this means is to be tried and if it prove successful, a new era will have opened for housekeepers in that city, who will no longer be bothered with the ashes and dust resulting from the use of stoves. It is claimed the expense of heating a house will be reduced one-half by this method.

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EMPTY THE CANS.—The *Northwest Trade* calls attention to the fact that people are slow to learn that canned goods of all descriptions should be turned out of the can into a glass or earthen dish the moment the can is opened, and adds: "Fruits, vegetables, meats, game, fish, jams or jellies should never remain in the can a moment after the same has been cut open. Numerous cases of poisoning have occurred from the use of canned fruits, meats, fish, etc., which have been allowed to remain in the can for a length of time after the same has been opened."

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE

THE OLD HAND PRESS.

Tis true the room was dingy, but it contained the light
Of youth and hope and friendship which never knew a
night,
And well do I remember how when the day was done,
I'd hasten home to tell the folks how well I had begun:
And how the other boys would come—the pestering little
snipes.
To hear the wondrous story of the setting of the types;
And with what bounds ecstatic my buoyant spirit rose
When I saw them gaze in envy at the ink spot on my nose.
The nestling town was quiet, and dozed away its days,
But the boom of our ambitions was a wild and raging
blaze;
From the open office window we could see the winding
stream
And hear the wakened forest tell the breezes of its dream;
The neighbors all were neighborly—the friends were
always true—
Their benedictions falling as falls the gentle dew;
And come what will I'll swear to you that life was a
success
When I used to ink the roller on the old hand press.
Oh, Memory, fair muse of time, unfold the scenes once
more,
And let me sniff the breezes of the dear old days of yore;
When life was in the budding and hope was in the bloom
And Fancy wove her golden skein in boyhood's laughing
loom;
Yes, bring back the scenes of olden times—of butterflies
and bees,
Of watermelon patches and soothing, whispering trees;
The days of peace and jollity, and loved ones' sweet "God
bless."
When I used to ink the roller on the old hand press.

J. M. QUINN.

A Newspaper Published at Sea.

"A great iron ship arrived at Seattle harbor a week ago," says the *Fairfield Express*, "full rigged, with flags flying from masts, stern and bow. She is a merchantman and has been half way around the world. On board is a printing outfit and a regular newspaper is issued every week. It is supposed the name of the paper is the *Ocean Wave*, and, like the land lubber editor, the salt water editor has his ups and downs. He has this advantage, however, he does not have to chase around ankle deep in the slush and mud to find the nimble item and the tardy subscriber."

"Providence Cares for Drunken Men."

The *Philipsburg, Mont., Mail* says the train coming down from Rumsey one day last week ran into a man who was sitting on the track. The cowcatcher struck him on the shoulder and threw him several feet out from the track into the ditch. The engineer stopped the train and the man was picked up for dead. He appeared unconscious and was carried to town and means to resuscitate him were applied, when suddenly to the surprise of those about him he awoke and wanted to fight any one or all of the party who were instrumental in waking him from his peaceful slumber, and he deliberately walked out, very indignant and wholly unconscious of what had happened. He was dead drunk when the engine struck him and strange to say he escaped without injury.

The "Loco" Weed.

A specimen of the famous "loco weed" can be seen at this office by those who are desirous of acquainting themselves with the rest of the range. We are indebted to Mr. A. M. Cree for this sample, he having procured a number of specimens from an infested range. It is a very ordinary looking weed above ground, but is "bad" imme-

dately under ground. It is quite evident that the poison is contained in the roots, which lie so near the surface that they are easily reached. It is said by those who know, that when an animal once gets a taste of the weed it will, if removed from the locality, travel miles and miles to get where it is again. Some sheep men contend that it is not hurtful, while others are of the opinion that it is. Regular "salting" of the flock is mentioned as a preventative, as it is claimed that stock take to the weed when in need of salt.—*Miles City (Mont.) Journal*.

A Commotion in Prineville.

With all her boasted civilization there are still a few primitive corners in the great State of Oregon. The *Ochoco Review* says that on last Wednesday the women dropped their dish rags, the merchants quit their customers, the gamblers quitted the gaming tables, the editors thought the millennium had come, business houses of all kinds were deserted, the street cows tucked their tails betwixt their legs and started for pastures new, the fabled saddle animal of Jerusalem began to bray and all the town of Prineville was in such a commotion as will never again be witnessed until the judgment day shall have arrived. Wm. McMeekin and his steam engine was the cause of all this commotion, he having blown the whistle at the hour of noon, it being the first steam whistle that was ever sounded in Prineville, or, as a lady naively remarked, it was the first whistle that was ever "hooted" in Prineville. By this time next year the people of Prineville may expect to hear the daily whistle of the locomotives of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Two Miles a Minute.

Benjamin Edwards, of Nevada, is in the city. He was sitting in the lobby of the Windsor yesterday discussing the early days of that State, when the subject changed to fast riding.

"You can talk as you like about the Vanderbilt specials and other trains that make phenomenal time, but if you never rode down a lumber flume in Nevada you don't know what it feels like to cleave through space like a meteor. Why, up in the Sierra Nevada Range there are flumes from five to forty miles long, built on the regular engineer's grade, with a sixteen-foot drop to the thousand. They are built of heavy planks, shaped like a V, and carry eight inches of water in the acute angle, and discharge it at the rate of 400 miner's inches per minute.

"I was up at Lake Tahoe one day, which is sixteen miles from Carson, and after we got through our business Ed. Patton, the superintendent, said we'd better take a flying trip back to town. He ordered out what he called a 'yacht,' which proved to be a V-shaped canoe fourteen feet long. It had a brake which controlled two rubber pads on each side, so applied as to lift the yacht and let the water run beneath when it became necessary. 'Button up your coats, tie on your hats and don't get scared, boys,' said Patton, as we climbed into the machine. Then he told his men to turn on three inches more of water. Holy Scott! but how that canoe did jump! Down we went through that threading flume, and the trees looked like specters. My teeth tried to chatter and couldn't make it, and I occasionally opened my eyes and caught a glimpse of the landscape; it appeared to be only a blur on my vision. We shot around curves with a velocity that was fearful to contemplate, and finally Ed weighed anchor at Carson just eight minutes from the time of starting."—*Denver Republican*.

A Ghastly Place.

Among the curious things of this coast, says the *Port Townsend Leader*, is a strange Indian graveyard near Sequim Bay, about a mile from Port Williams, where the remains of nearly 500

children of the forest have been left to the mercy of the worms and the buzzards. The great number of bleaching bones scattered around over several acres indicate the presence of a slaughter pen were it not for the fact that they are bones of human beings. And human skulls in great numbers are strewn over the surface of the old burying-ground, presenting anything but a pleasant spectacle. The graveyard is on a sandpit on the beach, and the waves have washed the shores and swept the loose sand away, leaving the bones, skeletons and bodies exposed to view. Some of the bodies were buried in baskets, some in boxes and some were wrapped in blankets and laid to rest in the hollow of several old decaying stumps. Others were buried beneath the massive roots on the tall evergreens that grow on the beach. A number of little houses about the size of chicken coops were erected to mark the last resting places of the chiefs and great men of the tribes. The bodies of the chiefs were carefully tied in baskets with ropes and strands and placed in these little houses or shacks and left to wither and decay. Among the curious skeletons found was one of a dwarf only thirty inches long, with a skull eighteen inches through. There were other dwarfs among the dead, but none so short as this man with a head large enough for a giant. This old graveyard, which presented such a strange but horrible appearance, was found by F. H. Colvin, a local photographer, who hurried out there with his camera and photographed the ghastly scene. This graveyard doubtless has great historic interest, but none of the old settlers who have been questioned on the subject can give an account of it or had ever heard of it before. Perhaps the waves that wash the beach there have brought to light some historical relics of great importance to those interested in the customs and habits of some of the Indian tribes of the Pacific Coast.

Whales in Tacoma Harbor.

"Look at the whales!" was the exclamation that struck a *Tacoma Ledger* reporter's ear yesterday afternoon while he was walking along the water front. And, sure enough, a brief scrutinizing gaze over the harbor disclosed the fact that a number of cetaceans had come to spend their Christmas with us. Every now and then a black object would rise over the water, increase to a dark mass, with something like a rudder—the dorsal fin—sticking out on top, make a slow, regular movement resembling the arc of a circle, and then disappear again. It was not possible to ascertain the exact number of whales that were thus attracting the attention of the chance observers, but it is safe to say that there were about ten or twelve. They varied somewhat as to size; the largest one was at least twenty-five feet long. It was said that these animals generally come up the Sound in winter for the purpose of breeding.

The whale that pays us an occasional visit is not the Greenland or common whale, but a smaller species of the cetacean animal. Its scientific name is *phocane grampus*, according to Cuvier, or *grampus orca*, as English authorities have it. In this part of the country it is popularly known as finback whale, or California grey whale, the former name being given it on account of its dorsal fin, and the latter being due to its prevailing color, which is, however, of a very dark grey. The name *grampus* is said to be derived from the French *grand poisson* (large fish), and the animal is well entitled to it for its size. Its length varies from twenty-five to thirty feet and its circumference from ten to twelve feet; the snout is short and rounded and the lower jaw broader and shorter than the upper one. The most remarkable peculiarity of the *grampus* is its dorsal fin, near the middle of the back, which attains a length of about four feet.

A Snow Boat on the Prairies.

Sailing the prairies of the Dakotas on a snow boat is great fun. No particular skill is required to construct one of these craft and the only requisite for navigation is an open country where fences are rarely encountered. The boat should have two fixed runners in front and a movable one at the stern, to serve as a rudder and to be worked with an ordinary tiller. A sloop main-sail and jib complete the equipment. The navigator can learn the art of steering and handling his sails from experimenting, for no harm will be done in case the craft capsizes. Where a steady wind is blowing a speed of ten miles an hour

water; but when they come up river a few days, the fresh water ruins them for the table. They come up to fresh water to spawn, and then they die, the result being that the river banks are lined with dead fish, the odor of the dead fish making it a pleasure to be about four miles from any stream at this writing. Last Tuesday while we were coming up the Snohomish from Everett to Snohomish, in the steam launch "Herbie" we encountered a school of "humpies" that impeded the passage of the boat. The salmon kept jumping into the boat for a distance of about half a mile, and then they would wiggle around on the inside, much to the discomfiture of the female

loose along the river banks, and ravenously devour the salmon left by the tide.

Sometimes the Pilchuck is called a river and sometimes a creek, depending upon how much rain comes down from the ravines to contribute to its size. Rainy weather has not yet set in earnest, and Pilchuck is now a creek. The "humpies" have managed to work their way to the head of this stream, so that the settlers can go out with a wagon, and fill the bed with fish in an hour's time. Some of the farmers are experimenting with these fish as fertilizers, and have scattered them about over their farms, with more or less extravagance, and a great many have been



A SNOW BOAT ON THE PRAIRIES.

can be made, provided the snow presents a smooth surface. Our illustration shows pretty well the most approved style of construction of such a land craft. For winter sport the snow-boat can be heartily recommended to the dwellers on the fringes of civilization.

Humpback Salmon in the Pilchuck

I guess I'll tell you a fish story. You know that every two years the "humpback" salmon run up the Snohomish and Pilchuck rivers in great schools. Well, this is one of those years, and the salmon are so numerous in the Pilchuck that a wagon can scarcely be driven across without killing a fish or two. The "humpies" are a very fine eating fish as long as they stay in salt

passengers, who conducted themselves in somewhat the same manner they exhibit when a mouse is in the house, disclosing the fact that striped stockings are coming into fashion. Every time a fish jumped in the boat, the women would scream and shift their places, causing the boat to rock to and fro, fit to swamp the whole party. It kept the men folks busy tossing "humpies" back into the water. When we reached Snohomish quite a crowd was on the wharf, attracted by the noise of the party. It was a picnic for them, but was hard work for us in the boat, steaming up to the wharf, throwing the fish into the water, with the boat pitching and tossing, women hollering and screaming, and the salmon just a-jumping in. The hogs of several ranchers have been turned

put around fruit trees. One or two men have placed the "humpies" right against the trees, and we are informed by a gentleman who practised this theory a few years ago that he has found it disastrous. On upland it may do very well, provided the fish are put a foot or two away from the trees. Several of our informant's fruit trees were destroyed by his having the "humpies" against them. A Frenchman who owns a ranch at Dubuque, up the Pilchuck, scattered salmon around his farm, but failed to cover them up, and when they decayed it was impossible for him to live in his house, or cultivate his garden. He is boarding at a logging camp, till the elements rid him of the piscatorial odor. Talk about Limburger cheese!—*L. R. Freeman in Washington Farmer.*

*How DICK HAMMOND'S
CLAIM WAS JUMPED.*
By CHAS. F. FOUNTAIN —



IT WAS in the fall of '81 that the incidents that go to make up my story transpired; when the Dakotas were one vast territory into whose broad borders a mighty tide of humanity was pouring from every State in the Union. Every nationality, every class and condition of society, seemed here to be represented. There was the old veteran, who could tell you of his recollections of Minnesota's settlement, and how the treacherous Sioux swept down on them with murder and pillage. There also was the youthful tenderfoot from the city, who quaked as he listened to the veteran's tale of blood and wondered if ever a like raid would be made on the Dakota settlers. There were youth and old age, riches and poverty, culture and ignorance, all traveling in the same direction, all bent on the same object—land. Yes: Uncle Sam's free lands for all was the magnet that was drawing the thousands to the broad prairies of the West. Conspicuous among the crowd in each town, (for he could be easily told), was the speculator, or "land-shark," as he was dubbed, ever on the alert to grab up land by some means; "jumping" claims on the slightest pretext, and in any unlawful or underhand way securing all the land he could. And so it was that the little town of Eureka was plentifully supplied with this class. 'Twas in May of '81 that we arrived in this town; there were four of us—"the boys," they called us—though we were of age. There was Dick Hammond, "Merry Dick," always with a smile on his good natured face; what wouldn't we do for Dick? What could we do without him?

Then, there was Oscar Holmes, Horace Bently, and my humble self. A happier quartet would be hard to find. We were lucky in getting our claims near together, though some five miles from town, and we were glad to find two young fellows located on adjoining claims to mine. They were brothers, the Brown boys, Joe and Jim. How the summer months sped by—a good proof that they were happy ones. We all worked together, and tilled enough land on each claim to hold them and make proof at the end of six months' residence. And there we hunted and fished, and felt so proud that we were land owners. And Dick would say, "Boys, I believe I shall always live here; settle down here, you know;" then Horace would wink at us and ask, "How soon do you think you will settle, Dick?"

We all knew of Dick's admiration for the pretty little schoolmaam at Eureka, Ethel Dawson; and we all knew that Ethel admired Dick, though she seemingly gave him no encouragement. Why, was always a mystery to us, and a great source of worriment to Dick. But he was courageous and hopeful and there was too much sunshine in Dakota to be low-spirited, so Dick smiled on and hoped. But if Dakota is all sunshine, man's life is not, and it was early in September that the first cloud came into Dick

Hammond's life and drove the sunshine from his heart and the smile from his face. I will never forget the evening of that day he came from town. I saw in a moment that something was wrong. I was going to speak, but he handed me an envelope; it was a telegram from his brother in Ohio, saying, "If you want to see Mother before she dies come home at once." I could not speak then. I could only press his hand, and as the tears filled his eyes, he said, "I go in the morning." That night we gathered in Dick's shanty and a more mournful set could hardly be imagined. We could not say much; we could only think. Dick was going away; was going back to a dying mother, and perhaps she would be dead before he got there. What could we say or do? His sorrow was ours, and we had no comfort, and could give him none; and so the long night dragged through, with little sleep for any of us, and the first streak of light was the sign for Dick to go, for the train started early. It was only a fervent grasp of each hand, a low "good bye, Dick," and then as he stepped out of his shanty door and looked around over his claim, he turned to us. "Boys," he said, "If Mother

time to live on his claim before "proving up." Would he be back in time to make his proof? or, failing to do so, would some "shark," learning of his absence, wait until the last moment, and then jump it?

A "shark" jump our Dick's claim? "Woe to the land shark that ever put his fins on that land," was the verdict of us all. Would we slay him? Well, hardly; but, as Horace said, "he will wish himself dead before we get through with him." The two weeks have nearly expired, and still no Dick has come. In despair, we wrote again and again; but the only answer we got was that Dick was little or no better.

It was toward evening of the day before poor Dick's last day of grace. Oscar had been to town, and as I looked out of my shanty door I saw that he was riding at an unusually high rate of speed. What could it mean? News from Dick? Was Dick better or well, and coming back?

I ran to meet him, my hopes and excitement rising at every bound. Oscar drew rein to meet me. "What is it?" I cried. "Oh, Oscar, is Dick coming back?"

He looked hard at me. "No such good news as that." "What, then?" I asked.

"It has come at last, he said, soberly but firmly; "What we have often talked about is going to happen" "Not Dick!" He isn't going to die? Oh! Oscar."

"No, not so bad as that, but bad enough" he continued, and a grim smile played about his mouth, wholly unlike anything I had ever seen on Oscar's face before.

"But what, then?" I asked wonderingly.

"Frank," he said, slowly, "Dick's claim is going to be jumped. I heard it all planned to-day myself, and I know of what I speak."

"Jumped!" I cried, as I suited the action to the word, "Who dares to jump Dick Hammond's claim? By heavens! it will be a sorry jump for him."

"Well, there is one who dares, for I heard him say so to-day, and that one is no other than Caldwell, the shark. I was in the post-office, when I happened to hear Hammond's name mentioned. I turned and saw Caldwell in earnest conversation with that sneak of an agent Henton. Thinking perhaps that they had something of the kind on hand, I managed to get near enough to

them to catch a good part of their conversation, while I pretended to be deeply interested in a map on the wall. At any rate I heard enough to convince me of what I have told you, and furthermore, I heard Henton advise him to go out and stay on the place in Dick's shanty to-night or to-morrow night, to establish his squatter's claim to it, in case Hammond failed to appear on the last day of grace."

"What," I broke in, "that fiend of a Caldwell to desecrate our Dick's shanty by his miserable carcass? Never! a thousand times never!"

I will not tell of Horace's wrath and indignation when he heard Oscar's story. Enough to say, that that night a counsel of war was held, and a sentry appointed to keep watch and report when the enemy approached. The Brown boys were called into service, and a speedy plan of action determined on.

"Now, boys," said Horace, who acted as chairman of the meeting, "we all know that hanging is too good for this wretch, who would steal our Dick's claim; but we don't want to commit murder, we cannot tar and feather him, so the only



"THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHT, FOLLOWED BY THE REPORT OF A PISTOL."

dies, I won't have much left on earth. I think a deal of this place, and my only hope lingers on it. Swear to me that you will do all in your power to keep it for me till I get back; for my going away at this time throws it open for a good chance for some shark to jump it." There in the early morning we jointly swore to protect it as far as physical power would prevail. So, with a last good-bye, Dick was gone.

How we missed him! It seemed as if all the joy had gone out of our lives, and silently we would go over to Dick's shanty and sit and talk of him. We kept it in good order, so it would be all right and ready for him when he came back; and he might come any day; but two weeks passed by, and still he did not come, and not a word from him. What could it mean? A month, and then Horace declared he would wait no longer, but would write to his brother.

An answer soon came. Dick was sick—very sick, indeed, with the same fever of which his mother died a few days after he got home. And so we held a counsel to determine what was best to do; for only two weeks yet remained of Dick's

thing left for us to do is to duck him in the creek and make him swear to leave the place alone forever."

At the word "duck" we fairly jumped with glee. "Yes, that was the very thing; we would duck him, and it would be no penny ducking, either; nor would we select the clearest spot to perform the operation." In fact, we intended that it should be an event in Caldwell's life that he would not speedily forget. "If I remember correctly," continued Horace, "there is no lock or bolt on the inside of the shanty door. Undoubtedly our bold claim-jumper will barricade the door. At any rate, this must be our point of attack; so we will silently approach in a body, and, without warning, throw ourselves against the door; you know it is but a slight affair, and, I am sure, will yield readily in spite of his barricade. You, Frank and Jim, will manage his feet. Oscar and myself, with Joe's aid, will take care of his arms. Of course he will show fight, but I guess we can manage him; if he is inclined to walk calmly to the creek all right; if not, then we will assist him; we must take a rope, for if he proves a more ugly customer than we expect, why, we will have to tie his feet together."

And so we planned till it was far past midnight, and Joe, who was acting as sentry, returned. So the night passed, and Dick's claim was left unmolested. The next day was his last, and surely Caldwell would put in his appearance that night, if ever he intended to come. It was Oscar's watch that night. He lay in a clump of high weeds, only a few rods from the shanty. It was so dark that he could just discern the door and the clearing between the shanty and the little barn back of it. How long he lay there he did not know, and was wondering what time it was, when suddenly, without warning of its approach, a figure on horseback appeared in the clearing and stood motionless, as if intently listening. Now this was not exactly what Oscar was expecting; he had been relying on his ears to first inform him of Caldwell's approach, but this apparition, looming up so suddenly before him, without the slightest noise, brave as he was, quite unnerved him. His first thought was, "Dick is dead, and he has come back to haunt his claim." But what was that? No; surely if it was Dick, he would not come on horseback. No; not by a good deal would he; and if he did, he would not get off and lead the horse to the barn, as this figure was doing. And now it is stealthily coming towards the shanty, having left the horse there, stopping every minute or so and listening. "No; ghosts don't act that way; they have more assurance," thought Oscar then; and by the time the figure disappeared in the shanty door Oscar was himself again, till out of sight of the shanty; then, rising to his feet, he ran as fast as he could toward my place, where we lay in darkness awaiting the word for action.

"He is there," breathlessly he exclaimed, as he burst into the room; then he proceeded to tell us his experience. After we had waited until we thought Caldwell was asleep, we formed in line and marched on the foe.

Silently we approached the shanty, and when within a few feet of the door, stopped. How dark it was, and still; not a sound but our own breathing. We did not feel near as brave as when planning our action, but we must not hesitate now. No; for Dick's sake, we must carry out our plans. We went to the door, Oscar and Horace in advance, we three following. And now, ready! With a rush forward they hurled themselves at the door. It sprung, but did not yield. Again! a crackling sound, but still it holds. A third time! there was a crash, a flash of light, followed by the report of a pistol, a cry of pain, and, above all, a woman's voice rings out, "Back, cowards, or I fire again!"

Just what happened during the next few minutes I can never tell. I know there was a hasty retreat until we were stopped by the same voice calling to us. "Come back; Oh, do come! I have shot Mr. Bently;" and we went back and found Ethel Dawson kneeling beside Horace and holding his head. She had lighted a small pocket lantern, and we could see that the blood was flowing from a wound in his side.

"Boys," he said, "I'm afraid I'm done for, but remember correctly," continued Horace, "there is no lock or bolt on the inside of the shanty door. Undoubtedly our bold claim-jumper will barricade the door. At any rate, this must be our point of attack; so we will silently approach in a body, and, without warning, throw ourselves against the door; you know it is but a slight affair, and, I am sure, will yield readily in spite of his barricade. You, Frank and Jim, will manage his feet. Oscar and myself, with Joe's aid, will take care of his arms. Of course he will show fight, but I guess we can manage him; if he is inclined to walk calmly to the creek all right; if not, then we will assist him; we must take a rope, for if he proves a more ugly customer than we expect, why, we will have to tie his feet together."

Jim went and we placed Horace on Dick's bed, while Miss Dawson, after having us expose the wound, dressed it as well as she could, to stop the flow of blood. No explanation followed until long after the Doctor had arrived and pronounced the wound serious, but not necessarily fatal. Then it was that Ethel told us how she came to be at Dick's shanty. She, too, had overheard the conversation between Henton and Caldwell, and fearing that Dick would lose his claim unless some one filed on it for him, she rode twenty miles to Plano, the town where the land office was located, and filed her own right on the claim, thus literally jumping it herself, that she might save it for Dick. She returned by the way of the claim, intending to stay on it over night, so that all question of squatter's right might be overcome. She had thought that perhaps Caldwell might come to stay on the place that night, so she armed herself for defense. And when the door was attacked she thought of course it was the "shark," and acted accordingly.

Need I tell you the balance of this story? I will, for fear that you will not know how Dick got well and came back to his claim; came back and settled down, you know, just as he used to say he would. There was no contest over the place. He settled the case by taking the "claim jumper" into a life partnership. And Horace? Oh, he got well; and—well, he did not exactly settle down as Dick did, but he says he will always feel settled as long as he stays where Dick is. Oscar lives many hundred miles from the scene of this story now, while the Brown boys went back to their former home in Ohio. I still remain here, as I suppose I always shall do, telling the stories of my experiences and adventures in the wild West, the same as I tell you now, "How Dick Hammond's claim was jumped."

HOW THE INDIANS MAKE THEIR CANOES.

The canoes in universal use by the Indians of this coast are extremely shapely and graceful boats, in general appearance strangely suggestive of the gondola. No matter what their size, from the small boat that will accommodate but a half-dozen people, to the large craft that will carry from forty to sixty people—and some were in use in the earlier days that would accommodate a hundred warriors—they are all constructed after the same design. The same lines appear in all their crafts. No deviation is made from the original model.

The construction of a "Siwash canoe" is a difficult and rather a laborious task; and this description of how one of their attractive, sea-worthy boats is evolved from a cedar log will be found interesting reading. It is given by Judge James G. Swan of Port Townsend, in his book, "The Northwest Coast," published by the Harper Brothers of New York, in 1857. This book is now being republished in serial form by the South Bend *Herald*. The process of making a canoe to-day does not differ, in any material particular, from that described by Judge Swan:

The manufacture of a canoe is a work of great moment with these Indians. It is not every man among them that can make a canoe, but some are like our white mechanics, more expert than their neighbors. A suitable tree is first selected and in all cases is a cedar, and then cut down. This job was formerly a formidable one, as the tree was chipped around with stone chisels, after the fashion adopted by beavers, and looks as if gnawed off. At present, however, they understand the use of the axe, and many are expert choppers. When the tree is down, it is first stripped of its bark, then cut off into the desired lengths, and the upper part split off with little wedges till it is reduced to about two-thirds the original height of the log. The bow and stern are then chopped into rough shape, and enough cut out of the inside to lighten it so that it can be easily turned. When all is ready, the log is turned bottom side up, and the Indian goes to work to fashion it out. This he does with no instrument of measurement but the eye, and so correct is that, that when he has done hewing, no one could detect the least defect. When the outside is formed and rough-hewn the log is again turned, and the inside cut out with an axe. This operation was formerly done by fire, but the process was slow and tedious. During the chopping the Indian frequently ascertains the thickness of the sides by placing one hand on the outside and the other on the inside. The canoe is now again turned bottom side up, and the whole smoothed off with a peculiar shaped chisel, used something after the manner of a cooper's adze. This is a very tiresome job, and takes a long time. Then the inside is finished, and the canoe now has to be stretched into shape. It is first nearly filled with water, into which hot stones are thrown, and a fire of bark is built at the same time on the outside. This in a short time renders the wood so supple that the center can be spread open at the top, from six inches to a foot. This is kept in place by sticks or stretchers, similar to the method of a boat's thwart. The ends of these stretchers are fastened by means of withes made from the taper ends of cedar limbs, twisted and used instead of cords. When all is finished, the water is emptied out, and then the stern and head pieces are put on. These are carved from separate sticks, and are fastened on by means of withes and wooden pegs or tree nails.

"After the inside is finished to the satisfaction of the maker, the canoe is again turned, and the charred part, occasioned by the bark fire, is rubbed with stones to make the bottom as smooth as possible, when the whole outside is painted with a black mixture made of burnt rushes and whale oil.

The inside is also painted red, with a mixture of red ochre and oil. The edges all around are studded with little shells, which are the valve joint of the common snail; and, when brass-headed nails can be obtained, they are used in profusion. This description I give is of the making of a canoe near my house, and I saw the progress every day, from the time the tree was cut down till the canoe was finished. This was a medium sized canoe, and it took three months to finish it.

—*Port Crescent (Wash.) Leader.*

TELLING AGE WITH A HAIR.—The latest "fad" in Lewiston, Me., is telling one's age with a hair. It is not new, but an old fad that has been revived, and it is generally tried on a horse, the hair being taken from the tail, although on human beings it "works just as well." The idea is this: "Suspend a gold ring from a piece of hair over half a glass of cold water, and the ring will begin to swing to and fro until it hits the sides of the glass. It will strike the exact age of a horse, or, if it be a person's hair, of the person upon whose head it grew."

Recollections of a Man of Fifty.

I BECOME AN EDITOR.

The only exciting incident of my three months' school-teaching in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky was a successful barring-out affair. There were no big boys in the school, for they were all at work in the fields on the corn crop, but of big girls there were plenty. One June day, on my return from dinner at the farmhouse where I boarded, I observed, on emerging from the path that led through the woods, fragrant at that season with the scent of the tulip-tree blooms, that something unusual had occurred at the log temple of learning. All the small pupils were massed under the shade of a walnut tree but none of the large girls were to be seen. As I approached the group I was greeted with a shout of "Teacher, you're barred out." And so it was. The big girls had securely fastened the heavy door and they demanded a half holiday. In vain I tried to gain admittance at one of the little square windows. By the aid of a fence rail I mounted to the window, which was high above the ground, but I had no sooner poked my head and shoulders through this aperture than I was seized by two muscular damsels and rudely thrust back. I saw I was making myself ridiculous by my futile efforts and I soon surrendered, promising the girls the holiday and dismissing the school as soon as they opened the door. We then made a merry party for an excursion in the woods, hunting for flowers.

After the close of the term I returned to the hot city of Louisville and resumed work as a type-setter. One night I had a vivid dream of the death of my mother. I had not heard that she was ill, so the vision was no echo of waking apprehensions. That afternoon a telegram came announcing her death, the result of a fever brought on by overwork at her post of physician of a water-cure establishment on Jersey City Heights. She was a woman who combined with an amiable and affectionate nature much strength of mind. When left a widow with three young children she managed to educate herself as a physician and to establish herself successfully in a city in a profession in which women were generally regarded at that time as interlopers, entitled to no recognition from the regular practitioners.

I now began to think seriously of my position and duties in life. I was eighteen, my sister was two years older and my brother was thirteen. I determined to gather my little family and make a home as soon as I could; and with this end in view I returned to Painesville, Ohio, and went to work, first on a paper called the *Commercial Advertiser*, and later on the *Press*, a new paper started by my old friend and master, John R. French. After a few months French and I formed a partnership, bought the *Advertiser* and consolidated the two papers. The only capital put into the concern was \$300 which I had at command. We gave our notes for a thousand more, if I remember rightly, and launched our new venture under the name of the *Press and Advertiser*, as a radical Republican sheet. French was the political writer and I was the local editor as well as the foreman of the printing office and a regular type-setter. My working force consisted of my sister and my little brother,

We took a small house, furnished it in the cheapest way possible and began housekeeping. Our beds were of straw and in our parlor we had a hemp carpet that cost twenty-five cents a yard. My sister rose at five, had the breakfast ready at six, so we boys could get to the office at seven, and before eight she herself appeared with the lunch-basket, ready to do a hard day's work at setting type. We all went home at six, raked up the kitchen fire, and shared in the labors of getting the supper ready and washing the dishes. The evenings were usually spent reading newspapers and magazines received at the office as changes. The income of our paper was so small that it was only by the closest economy and a very meager way of living that the two families dependent on it managed to exist. In our household we seldom had meat oftener than once a week, but we kept out of debt. Our staple articles of food were, for breakfast, codfish gravy and potatoes; for lunch, bread and butter and raw apples, and for supper, potatoes and pie. On Sundays we had a dish called "Sally Lunn," a sort of enormous apple pie baked in a milk pan, with a thick upper crust and no under crust and eaten with sugar and cream. We used neither tea nor coffee. Milk was cheap and so were eggs, apples and potatoes and on these wholesome articles we subsisted for the most part. A beefsteak was a luxury only permitted on rare occasions and then we bought round steak because we thus got the most meat for the money. Our teeth were good and we did not mind its toughness.

My brother and I bought a boat and had great fun on Sundays rowing on the river which ran in front of our house, often following the course of the little stream far up into the forests or down to its mouth in Lake Erie at the dead old town of Fairport. In the fall we scoured the woods for butternuts, chestnuts and hickory nuts. I fell in love with a black eyed girl who played the guitar, but I was so diffident that I only ventured to call at her father's house once a month, although I was always received in a friendly manner by all the family. I was a tall, slender, awkward lad, very self-conscious and so embarrassed in the presence of strangers that I stuttered and sometimes could not speak a word. Only once did I venture to go to a dancing party. Encouraged by my sister I managed to conduct a partner to the floor, but in the midst of the cotillion I stumbled and fell sprawling. My mortification was so great that I left the hall at once, barely able to keep back the tears and resolving that I would never attempt to dance again.

As a newspaper man I obtained passes which enabled me to go to the National Republican convention in Chicago which nominated Abraham Lincoln. I went to Cleveland by rail, thence to Detroit by boat and thence to Chicago over the Michigan Central Railroad, stopping at the Adams House and occupying a cot in a hallway. The city was very raw, dirty and chaotic. In the chief business streets the grade had been raised and many of the buildings were being lifted up on the jackscrews to conform to the new level, so that in walking about the streets one was continually ascending or descending stairs connecting the old sidewalk with such new ones as had been completed. The convention was held in a rude wooden building called a wigwam. At night the streets were alive with torch-light processions cheering for the various candidates. The New York men were for Seward, the Pennsylvania men for Cameron, the Ohioans were for Chase and the Illinois men were for Lincoln. We knew little about Lincoln except that he had made some masterly speeches in a joint discussion with Stephen A. Douglas, two years before, and we were grievously disappointed when he was nominated over the heads of the old leaders like Chase and Seward. In the stir and enthusiasm of that memorable campaign of

1860, however, we soon forgot our disappointment. Every town had its Wide-Awake Republican club, uniformed in black oil cloth capes and carrying torches. These cohorts of marching men rallied in the cities for gigantic demonstrations. Little did the young Republican who marched in these long processions, in military order by fours or by platoons, dream that their movements prefigured those of great armies soon to be engaged in deadly conflict and that thousands of them would be carrying muskets instead of torches in less than a year. I do not remember that there were any premonitions in 1860 of the war that was soon to break out. We celebrated right joyfully our success in electing Lincoln, illuminating our business street and marching our Wide-Awakes back and forth. I pasted red white and blue tissue paper on the office windows and put lighted candles behind them. There were a few Buchanan Democrats in the town, who believed in slavery and admired the domineering spirit of the South and they predicted trouble, but they were laughed at as croakers and sore-heads. Had we not checked the spread of the horrid institution of slavery by a constitutional victory at the polls? Surely we had a right to rejoice. All would be well when Lincoln was inaugurated at Washington, we thought, no matter how much the South might threaten and bluster. We in the North did not know the South and the Southern people did not know us. Neither section believed the other would fight. We could not conceive it possible that the South would go to war just because the North had out-voted it on the question of extending slavery into the Western Territories. They in the South looked on us as a race of shopkeepers, manufacturers and laborers, devoid of warlike qualities, because we did not own negroes, or carry pistols, or boast about our chivalry. The Northern papers said there would be no war and that the seceding States would come back into the Union after a little discussion and a fair compromise. The Southern papers said there would be no war because the cowardly Yankees would not fight.

During the whole of that momentous winter of 1860-61, while State after State in the South was holding secession conventions and while military companies were being drilled and armed in every Southern village, the North was so confident of a peaceful solution of the difficulty that it made no preparations whatever for the impending struggle. At last the news of the attack on Fort Sumter awoke the Northern people from their dream of security and ease. I well remember the intense thrill of excitement that ran through the country. The very next evening after the news came we raised a company in our village. A meeting was called in a hall, a few speeches were made and a roll was produced for the signatures of those willing to enlist. One of the orators was the first to sign, but he did not go to the field. A printer comrade of mine named George J. Briggs joined me in a rush to the platform and our names were second and third in a list of nearly one hundred. I had not the least spark of military spirit in me. I was not at all combative, and had never so much as had a fight when a school-boy. I had a horror of violence and could not look on a bleeding finger without a feeling of faintness. Yet here I was binding myself to go out and kill people. The explanation lay in my strong anti-slavery convictions. I had been brought up on Garrison's *Liberator*. In my office hung two group pictures, one called the "Heralds of Freedom," embracing portraits of Whittier, Lowell, Wendell Phillips, Garrison and other anti-slavery writers, and the other the "Champions of Freedom," bearing portraits of such public men as Sumner, Giddings, Chase, Owen Lovejoy and Cassius M. Clay, who had done conspicuous service in the cause of human

liberty. These men were my heroes and when the time came to fight for the faith that ran in my blood I did not hesitate a moment. I broke up my little household, sold my interest in the newspaper for a trifling sum and marched away to the camp to serve as a common soldier. My brother, who was much too young to be enlisted as a private, managed to get into a Cleveland company as a fifer. He was as adventurous and daring as I was timid and retiring in disposition.

I was in my twentieth year when the Civil War broke out. My ideal of life was a quiet nook in the country, beautiful scenery, plenty of books to read and not much work to do. I had thought seriously of seeking the position of lighthouse keeper at the mouth of Grand River, which paid \$300 a year and in which I would have ample time for reading poetry and paddling about in my boat among the water lillies. I had outgrown the Byronic period, which every imaginative youth had to pass through at that time, and was an ardent admirer of Tennyson. Longfellow and Whittier were the poets who ranked next in my affections. I had also a very high opinion of a poem called "Festus," which nobody reads nowadays. For the rest, I was rather omnivorous in my reading and delighted in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," in Scott's "Marmion," in Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and in Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh;" but I could not get interested in Milton and I was not intellectually mature enough fully to appreciate Shakespeare. In prose I liked best the fantastic tales of Edgar A. Poe and Ike Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor,"—in a word whatever was quaint or dreamy, but I read all novels that came in my way, for books were all valuable in my eyes. I think I preferred Dickens to Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., but I by no means despised the stories of the author of the "Gun-maker of Moscow," which were then the chief attraction of the New York *Ledger*. Good books then cost about twice as much as they do now and there were no cheap editions, except of trashy novels. I took little interest in religion and rarely went to church. On one occasion when the Disciples held a protracted meeting in a tent I heard a tall, muscular, blonde young man preach an eloquent and practical discourse. This young man in after years exercised a great influence on my career. His name was James A. Garfield and he was at that time the president of a small country college at Hiram, in Portage County, Ohio.

In 1860 the ambrotype had just succeeded the daguerreotype. The photograph had not yet been invented. The ambrotype was a picture on glass, framed in a fancy metallic rim and enclosed in a pretty case of morocco or of vulcanized rubber, which fastened with a clasp. These pictures cost from fifty cents to two or three dollars apiece, according to their size and the character of the case, and a collection of them ornamented almost every parlor table. The photographer of that day was called a daguerrean artist. Women at that time wore enormous hoop skirts, called crinoline, which were in fact huge cages of steel bands and tapes, hung about the waist and draped with a great quantity of dry goods. They wore their hair in chignons, which were big bags of artificial hair confined in a net and fastened to the genuine growth of the head so that they would hang down between the shoulder blades and leave a greasy spot on the back of the gown. Men and boys wore top-boots, coming up almost to the knee. A good deal of muscular exertion was required to pull the boots on and for pulling them off a boot-jack was indispensable. Every man of my age will remember his agonizing efforts when a boy to pull on his stiff, hard cow-hide boots in the morning after they had been wet the day before in rain or snow.

Coal-oil illuminant was just coming into general use, but many people still preferred candles and some burned camphene, a fluid distilled from turpentine. Parlor furniture was made of mahogany, upholstered with black camel's hair cloth, a cold and slippery material, the merit of which was its great durability. Sleeping cars had not been invented. The first I remember were on the railroad between Cincinnati and Cleveland, I think in the year 1862, when I went home from West Virginia on furlough. In each section there were three berths, a narrow upper one for which fifty cents was charged, a middle one of three-fourths width, which cost seventy-five cents, and a lower one, for which the charge was a dollar. The two upper berths slid up on pillars and were fastened to the roof of the car in the day time, and all mattresses were stored by day in one of the end sections. No sheets or pillow cases were provided. The ends of the rails were placed in "chairs," the present fishplate joint coming into use many years later, and the wheels passing from one rail to another made a jar and a noise like the blow of a hammer on iron; so that the racket and jarring of the moving train caused railway travel to be far more fatiguing than it is at this day. The possession of a piano and a Brussels carpet was a pretty reliable indication of wealth. The ambition of a woman in moderate circumstances was to have a bright three-ply carpet in her parlor and to own a good black silk dress for company occasions. Furs were worn only in the form of small shoulder capes of mink or fisher, with big muffs to match. Every good housewife knit her own stockings and also the socks worn by the "men-folks" of her family. The art of canning fresh fruit had just been discovered, but the work was done at home and not in factories as nowadays.

The daily papers received only about half or three-quarters of a column of telegraph news each day and the head-lines placed over this news often occupied as much space as the matter itself. The words "By Telegraph" in big letters always headed this department of the paper and some journals used a cut representing the lightning playing about a wire. Patent medicine advertising yielded a large part of the cash revenue of the country weeklies. Brandreth's Pills, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, Old Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and Holloway's Ointment were announced in nearly all the papers. Then there were hair invigorants, liniments and plasters without number, sure cures for consumption and bitters for dyspepsia. The detestable trick of converting the landscape into an advertising medium by painting signs on the rocks was devised in 1860 by the proprietors of Drake's Plantation Bitters, who daubed the whole country with the mysterious legend "S. T. 1860-X." In after years, when the bitters had yielded them a fortune, they explained this enigma as meaning that they had started trade in 1860 with only ten dollars of capital.

E. V. S.

OUTLYING LANDS.

The fact that the year just closed has been one of plenty with farmers in all parts of the United States will, or ought to have the very best effect upon the outlying lands in Oregon and Washington. The towns and cities, especially in Washington, have been pushed ahead while very little attention has been given to the development of farming land; and the result is that the proper proportion between town and country has not been maintained. This fact is apparent to the old-timers and to the new-comers, and has been discussed for the past year without evolving any immediate remedy. Those who suffered on account of the disproportion were not

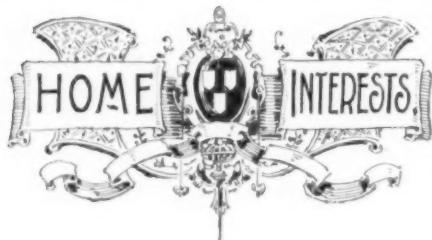
ready, for that reason, to leave the city and to set about balancing up the population. Nothing has been done except to talk about it. One hears the fact mentioned very frequently, and each time as though it were a newly discovered fact in the world's economy.

The United States has been decidedly in luck with all her crops during the season of 1891; and this fact will be stated, restated and published far and wide in New Year editions, reports and State documents. The good fortune holds with corn, potatoes, wheat, hogs, hops, hay and cotton; and to such a marked degree that farmers will be encouraged to believe their occupation as good as any, and very much better than most occupations during the same year. The Eastern and the Middle States farmers will be encouraged to reach out for larger fields, by reason of their own success, and wherever they go they will find the conditions every whit as encouraging, with better opportunities and cheaper land. If they want to go into the business of raising wheat, facts confront them in the Northwest that they are bound to consider. A statement which is given as an accurate estimate of the crop in one county (Whitman) in Eastern Washington places the total product at 13,500,000 bushels, with wheat as the chief factor at 10,750,000 bushels; barley, 1,250,000; oats 800,000; flax, 500,000; rye, 200,000. The money received for this grain has added \$10,172,500 to the wealth of the county; for the average price of wheat since the beginning of harvest has been seventy-five cents a bushel; of barley, sixty cents; of oats eighty cents; of flax, \$1, and of rye, \$1.10, making the wheat worth \$8,062,500; barley, \$750,000; oats, \$640,000; flax, \$500,000, and rye, \$220,000.

This showing can be duplicated over and over again in Eastern Oregon and Washington, wherever similar efforts have been made. The area of land cultivated amounts to comparatively a trifle. The cultivated acres in these regions, as compared to the uncultivated ones, are like a grain to the bushel.

The efforts are tending in the proper direction for the development of the country. The advertising cars and the samples of products do not appeal to those who are leaving an Eastern city only to take up life in a Western city. There is nothing in all this encouraging record about the wheat and other crops that they care enough about to even read, excepting the cases where shrewd city men rightly view these showings as the only sure promise of prosperity in town.

The town lots will keep without spoiling, and overloaded holders of them must be given a little more time to figure out the reason why they wanted so many town lots anyhow. If they have the faith and the patience to wait till the revival has had its run on the outside, they will make more in the end than they hoped or expected. But the man with a plow is the one most welcome in these great, roomy States. If the surveyors were all taken off the work of platting additions to the smaller cities in the interior and employed by the Government to complete the surveys of townships, it would be better for all concerned. The additions would come in all right in a year or two; but just now they are better plowed than plated. The city is to all the ranches what the farmhouse, granaries and barns are to one ranch. If the building and finishing and furnishing gets ahead of the plowing and planting on the single ranch then very soon the man with a mortgage gets ahead of the whole business, and so it is in a greater degree with the cities and towns that get too far ahead of the surrounding country. No town or city in the whole Northwest is too large—there is nothing to regret on that score; but the country is lying idle and waiting for good farmers to make fortunes out of it.—*Portland Oregonian*.



Politics Must be Lively.

A short time ago a young lady in Towner was offered a fine Jersey cow by her father, who is a Democrat, if she would marry a Democrat. A Republican hearing of the offer, told the young lady he would go the Democrat one better and give her two fine shorthorn cows if she would marry a Republican. She has not decided which offer she will accept, but thinks some Alliance man will offer her three cows and a calf or two, to marry an Alliance man. She is still on the market.—*Minot (N. D.) Reporter.*

The Woman Problem.

There is no problem about it—none whatever. Women do not object to being managed by any man they do not expect to marry or have not married already, but they do always, and they always will, object to being managed by another woman, and when they submit to it, it is only until they can escape from it. If they have nowhere else to go, of course they can not go anywhere else, but if they have—they will. Next to starvation itself, the greatest evil for a woman is in being managed by another woman.

The highest feminine intellects may go on evolving hundreds of columns of what they suppose to be reasoning on a "problem" without changing this in the least. It was and is and is to be.

One of the Family.

"No, please," once wrote a lady to a friend, "when I come to see you don't treat me as one of the family. When I hear that promise I stay away. I like, when I go out, to be 'company.' I like to consider guests who come to see me as 'company.' Other people may pretend to the contrary. It is all humbug. When my friends come to my house I do as I would be done by—I receive them in a decent dress. I take out my hair crimpers; I entertain them in the parlor and have something which I consider good for ten. The little veil of mystery which I let fall over the kitchen and its occupant is very comfortable to all of us. I neither convey them into the back basement nor to the sky parlor. I put my best foot foremost, and I do it because I love my friends and respect all hands, myself included."

What Shall We Put into Our Sleeping-Rooms?

Nothing that cannot be cleansed or renewed. The "ideal" sleeping-room will have neither paint nor paper on its walls. The woodwork will be of hardwood, finished in oil, or simply varnished. The walls should be finished in hard plaster and tinted; then they can be easily cleaned. The windows will be low and of large size, to let in all the sun and air possible. The floor will be of hard wood, oiled or varnished, and have the dust wiped up every day. There will be a fireplace, where a little fire on the hearth in cold weather will help ventilate, especially in case of sickness. We may have rugs on our floor as cheap or costly as our purses will allow, but the less we have the better the air. The draperies at the windows will be of thin washable material, and often washed. The furniture will be light, without carvings to catch the dust. Stuffed chairs, lounges and woolen-hangings will not find a place here. A set bowl

with hot and cold water, is very convenient, but not always safe, therefore leave it in the bathroom; have a portable one in the sleeping-room, and be on the safe side.—*Good Housekeeping.*

For Sore Throat.

An excellent gargle is made of hammamelis, or witch hazel, glycerine and water, with the proportions of three teaspoonfuls of water, two of witch hazel and one of glycerine. A gargle of hot water is useful in allaying inflammation. For diphtheritic throats, flour and sulphur, dissolved in whiskey and water, is often efficacious. There are other remedies which physicians use, but the simple home gargle may be so useful that it will not be found necessary to summon a physician. In case of sore throat the taking of milk in large quantities is recommended. A milk diet is always safe. The milk may be heated, and if taken in small quantities once in two hours is more strengthening than when taken at longer intervals in larger measures.

American Watches.

The manager of one of the largest watch factories in the world recently said: "A first-class American watch, well kept, will last thirty or forty years, and sometimes even longer, before the works wear out; but the average life of a low-priced American watch is ten years, and that of a Swiss watch of the same grade seven years. The length of life for a watch depends largely on the number of its jewels. The range of prices for American watches runs from \$5 to \$500, the costliest being a split-second, minute register timing watch. In the United States about 3,500 watches are manufactured every day. The Waltham factory turns out about 1,500 per day, and the Elgin between 1,200 and 1,300. There are a few watch factories in the West, but their output is comparatively small, and the two here mentioned are the biggest in the world; in fact, there are none abroad that can be compared with those in America."

Proportions of a Perfect Figure.

The height of a person with a "perfect figure" should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand, when the arms are fully extended.

Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should also give the height of the whole body.

The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be exactly midway between the first-named point and the ground at the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the breast.

From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits and from the head to the toe.

To Keep the Feet Dry.

Every winter sees a new idea in shoemaking to avoid wet and cold feet. The cork sole has outlived three or four inventions and seems very popular, but the fashionable idea now is to have an oil-skin lining between the uppers and ordinary lining. This effectually keeps out cold and wet, and by doing away with all ventilation and retaining the perspiration, considerable warmth is acquired. The plan is probably open to certain sanitary objections, and residents in suburban districts, far removed from granitoid or even plank walks, are willing to take a few chances in order to get down town with dry feet. In Canada they have a much simpler and cheaper way of securing the same result by using a very thick

sock made of wool pulp and mill board, which requires an immense amount of water to soak through. It is doubtful whether anything but good rubbers will pass muster from a medicinal standpoint, but as long as some people have a prejudice against wearing them, every winter will probably see some new invention take their place.—*Astorian.*

It Was a Sure Way to Make Money.

His history is briefly told.

After several days of thought he discovered a sure way to make money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try it.

He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in several country weeklies:

Sure way to kill potato bugs; send twenty two-cent postage stamps to X. Y. Z.—for a receipt that cannot fail.

Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the postoffice and had 10,000 of his receipts printed. Inside of two weeks something like 6,000 or 7,000 farmers had contributed twenty two-cent stamps each for the printed recipes.

Then several hundred of them bought clubs and railroad tickets and started out to interview the advertiser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend to some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3,000 or 4,000 slips of paper, on which were printed the following:

"Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit it with another shingle."—*Chicago Tribune.*

How Long A Person Can Remain Under Water.

The length of time a person can remain under water depends upon how the feat is accomplished; whether as a swimmer, or as a professional diver. In the first way four minutes, fifty seconds is the longest period any swimmer has succeeded in remaining under water. This was accomplished by the celebrated swimmer, J. B. Johnson, at Blackpool, on the day succeeding the August Bank Holiday of 1882. Johnson has frequently, at various places in this country and in the United States, remained under water for over four minutes. Mr. T. Finney, a "champion swimmer" of Oldham, stayed under water in a tank, at the Canterbury Music Hall, four minutes, twenty nine and one-half seconds in 1886. The longest case recorded, with any claim to authenticity, of a person surviving after being a long time under water, is one in which a woman is stated to have recovered after a submersion of twenty minutes. In the records of the Royal Humane Society only two cases of recovery after five minutes' submersion are recorded. A boy recovered after a submersion of from five to ten minutes. Another is reported of a girl, aged two years, after ten minutes' submersion. These facts lead to the conclusion that in drowning, life is very rapidly destroyed, that the time within which a person may be resuscitated is subject to variation, but that after five minutes' complete submersion, there can be little hope of recovery. In a diving dress, if the water is not of very great depth, divers can remain under water for several hours without harm. The usual spell of work for the Thames divers under water is four hours. The length of time a diver can remain under water depends on the depth of water and the personal physique of the diver, who must be of sound constitution and muscular build to remain under water for hours together. One hundred and fifty feet is usually considered the limit for safe work.

Girls and Toothpicks.

In all nature there is nothing so graceful, so attractive or so interesting as a young girl of the right sort. Mere beauty of face is of small importance as compared with scrupulous care in matters of dress, refined manner, and those in-

describable tokens of good taste and breeding that are always the first chance to be noticed when they are truly present. Let a girl disregard one of these canons, and she falls hopelessly in the esteem of those who observe her. In the large cities it is said that the constant meeting in elevated cars and other public conveyances of persons who have received correct home and school training with those who have not enjoyed such advantages, is gradually raising the standard of general behavior. This indicates that there is an honest desire for improvement, and that the tendency is rather for the untrained to imitate what they instinctively recognize as better manners, than for the trained to retrograde. This subject was suggested by something I saw the other day in one of the elegant and comfortable electric cars which ply the thoroughfares of Helena. There were several passengers aboard, and a young woman dressed well and stylishly got in when the car stopped at a crossing, with a huge wooden toothpick, like a stick of cordwood, held by the end in her teeth. She appeared to be utterly unconscious that she was laying herself liable to unpleasant comment, and went on removing the remnants of her dinner from the interstices of her teeth with perfect unconcern. Of course, this is a free country, and there is no law against such displays, but it was clear, from the looks and remarks of some of the other passengers, that they thought this exhibition should have been confined to the privacy of the young woman's boudoir.—*Helena Journal*.

A Plucky Boston Girl.

A few mornings since an attractive little lady of some twenty odd summers came to Hamilton on horseback from the extreme "up-country" of the Skagit Valley and took the train at this place for Seattle. A *Herald* reporter on the train, being attracted by the intelligent appearance of the lady, determined if possible to learn something of her. Approaching the lady it was found not difficult to engage her in conversation, though she was found to be possessed of all due modesty. During the conversation, she said: "I have taken a hundred and sixty acres of Government land in Cascade Country, beside a claim held by my brother, and am pioneering it, but am now on my way to Seattle, where my mother resides. My former home was in Boston, Mass., and while the country here seems wild and undeveloped, I really enjoy the freedom of my backwoods home, and look forward with much confidence to the future."

Speaking of the latent resources of the country, all the enthusiasm of an optimistic nature seemed to be aroused, and she said:

"If the people of my former home could only be brought to realize how great and varied are the resources of this Skagit Valley, awaiting only development, here would be such an influx of people as would place a settler on every forty acres of tillable land in the entire valley, with a corresponding mining population in the mining districts surrounding it. The time is certainly not far distant when people will awaken to a realizing sense of the true greatness of this country, and whenever that time shall come the resources of the country will cease to lie dormant. There will be capital enough to develop every latent resource the country possesses, to cut and saw into lumber the magnificent forests and to bring into productiveness every acre of agricultural land."

The conversation disclosed the fact that the plucky little lady was not holding down a claim from necessity, for she had money in the East bearing interest at the rate of only four per cent per annum. She simply has an abiding faith in the great future of the Skagit Country, and has determined to share in the coming prosperity.—*Hamilton (Wash.) Herald*.

The Language of the Eye.

A careful student of human character does not confine himself to the narrow path laid down by palmistry, or even to the general shape of the ear, when he wishes to estimate the prominent characteristics of a subject. He looks at every point, and particularly does he study the eye, paying careful attention to size, shape, color, expression, and half a hundred other points that only a student would notice. It has been truthfully said that the eye is the mirror of the soul. One has often heard the expression: "I don't like that man; he's got a bad eye."

Others declare that a man has an honest eye, or a dishonest eye, or a treacherous eye, or a daring eye—and, in fact, it is well known that the mental grade of a person can generally be indicated by his eye.

There are three general forms of the eye as it appears between the slit or opening of the lid. These are—large and round, narrow and elongated, and oblique. All the other forms are modifications, blends, or compounds of these three forms. There are some eyes which present in the contour portions of each of these forms. Exaggeration of any one of these forms is a caricature of what such individual forms represents.

Take the eye that is exaggerated in size. That eye denotes an unreliable gabbler—that is, a person who loves to talk just to hear himself, no matter whether he is talking sense or not. That denotes that the person possessing such an eye is not capable of receiving accurate impressions; therefore he is untruthful and unreliable. On the other hand, look out for the person who blinks at you with an abnormally small eye. He is secretive to an obnoxious degree, and is totally unreliable as regards language and truth. But by all means beware of the slant-eyed, cat-eyed individual, for he is deceptive, secretive, sly and crafty in his talk, and in general is considered a first-rate fellow to keep away from.

Where the inner corner of the upper lid is highly arched, you can rest assured that the possessor is an artistic person, with a luminous, artistic mind, with lofty ideas and great susceptibility to all outward sensations and expressions.

On the other hand, if this line is not so highly arched it generally announces a more reflective mind, with power for more accurate observation and less emotion.

The agreeable eye has a downward curve. It is a good sign, and thousands of moral persons in this world can boast of this particular form of eye. It signifies that the persons having it are agreeable and trustworthy companions.

The linguistic eye is a decidedly pretty one in shape. It is invariably bright, and is of various colors, and its movements are quick and alert. The possessor of an eye with these characteristics will be found to possess a pleasing fund of information, and any quantity of good stories and interesting anecdotes. Now, the man with the politic eye will never intentionally hurt your feelings. His is an exaggeration of the agreeable eye, and rather than wound your feelings he will modify his cold, disagreeable facts

by a little untruth. It is his natural desire to please everybody that makes the man with the politic eye do this, not that it is natural for him to be deceitful.

How to Drink Milk.

Do not swallow milk fast and in such big gulps. Sip it slowly. Take four minutes at least to finish that glassful, and do not take more than a good teaspoonful at one sip.

When milk goes into your stomach it is instantly curdled. If you drink a large quantity at once it is curdled into one big mass, on the outside of which only the juices of the stomach can work. If you drink it in little sips, each little sip is curdled up by itself, and the whole glassful finally finds itself in a loose lump made up of little lumps, through, around, and among which the stomach's juices may percolate and dissolve the whole speedily and simultaneously.

Many people who like milk and know its value as a strength-giver think they cannot use it because it gives them indigestion. Most of them could use it freely if they would only drink it in the way we have described, or if they would, better still, drink it hot. Hot milk seems to lose a good deal of its density, and you would almost think it had been watered, and it also seems to lose much of its sweetness, which is cloying to some appetites.

If the poor only knew and appreciated the value of milk taken in this way, I am sure there would not be so much beer drinking among them. There are thousands of hard working scrubwomen, washwomen, factory girls, and even shop girls, in this city, who drink beer with their meals because it gives a little stimulant to their tired bodies, and do not understand that it is only like applying a whip to a weary horse instead of giving him oats. If they only knew they would find in this simple draught as much real strength as in a barrel of beer.—*Family Doctor*.



A PLAIN CASE.

Sagacious Old Stationer—"When shall I have the pleasure of congratulating you on your engagement, Miss?"

Artless Young Lady—"Engagement? Why I'm not engaged, and what's more, I never intend to marry."

Stationer—"Excuse me, but when a young lady buys four quires of note paper and only one pack of envelopes I always know there's something going on."



THE MILITARY BALL.

The Aberdeen (Wash.) *Herald*, in its description of a recent local soiree, leads off with the following:

They were there, they were there,
The short man and the tall;
They were there, they were there,
The great man and the small.
The fat man and lean,
The good man and mean,
The low man and loud,
The meek man and proud,
The rich man and poor,
The wise man and boor,
The short man and long,
The weak man and strong,
The good man and bad,
The pleased man and sad;
They all swung wild,
To the fiddler's call,
And hopped her right down
At the military ball.
The bellicose four,
Firm, steadfast and slow,
With a step like the roar,
Of the tidings of woe,
Swung left and swung right,
In the surge of their might;
Swung up toward the fiddle,
Swung down toward the middle;
And finally jaded,
And busted complete,
And whited and faded,
They swung to their seat.
And the bantams they swung,
With the ease of the wind,
And a pig might have hung
On their coat tails behind;
As the fiddler called
They gathered and sprawled;
As the mazes unfurled
They reeled and they whirled,
They kicked and they jumped,
They straightened and humped,
They pawed the dead air,
With the stroke of despair;
They wiggled and squirmed
Like a lamprey eel
And reeled like a man
On a lemon peel.

More Sand than Poetry.

The Pasco *Headlight*, after being well sanded, perpetrates the following: "The sand raised the devil and several other fellows on Tuesday of this week. The devil swore, the editor tore, while the dog laid down to quietly snore; the sand blew in through glass and tin, and the whole caboodle swore like sin. Selah!"

Will They Do It?

Fair maidens and timid bachelors, this is leap year. Custom has defined your respective privileges and the best interests of society demand their exercise. Lead the blushing gentlemen to the altar and rejoice in the fact that you will thus have established a presumptive right to do the leading so long as the sanctified alliance may continue.—*Glenwood (Minn.) Herald*.

Begging in Montana.

There is something about the reputation of the Irish race that obliges Irishmen to live up to it, often unwilling, as one can imagine when the traditional wit, courage, pride, generosity, etc., are not the natural peculiarities of the person displaying them. Butte used to be a great place for beggars. Of course there is always a certain amount of subscription-seeking at the mines, where a foreman keeps the list and each giver's time check is lessened to the extent of his benevolence in helping furnish artificial limbs, capital

for a cigar stand, or whatever the required charity may be. But eight or ten years ago the nuisance was the large class of small beggars. Main Street was full of them, perfectly shameless and usually urging that need hardest for our time and locality to resist—want of a meal. In those days the present site of Clark's bank was occupied by a saloon, called, I believe, the Deer Lodge brewery, and the groups that congregated on the corner of that street were the beggars' natural prey. One wintry afternoon one of them approached a group of four or five and touched the arm nearest him. "Wud yez plaze, mister, to give me two bits?" was the plea offered in a shaking voice and enforced by the expression of a watery eye. "Two bits! What would you do with two bits?" The petitioner promptly straightened himself. "Indade an' its none o' your d—d business," he replied with dignity, and moved off amid the shouts of the group and in spite of the repentant proffers of the too inquisitive capitalist.—*Butte Miner*.

A Familiar Name.

Some weeks ago a wealthy Irishman from Kansas was travelling over the Northern Pacific, and his fellow passengers were frequently called upon to pronounce the strange names found in his guide-book. As the train approached Hope, in Northern Idaho, they heard him exclaim in a tone of intense satisfaction, "Bedad, I believe we're getting into a civilized country again—here's a la-ake called Pindy O'Riley!" This reference to the beautiful Lake Pend d'Oreille was enjoyed by all the others except a billious Frenchman, who retired in disgust.

Both Were Slightly Rattled.

"I'm in a hurry," said a Bloomer farmer, rushing into one of our hardware stores the other day; "just got time to catch the train. Give me a corn popper, quick!"

"All right, sir!" replied the clerk. "Do you want a large pop corner?"

"No, just a medium sized—an ordinary corn copper."

"How will this corn popper do?"

"Is that a corn popper?"

"Yes. But you are getting a little rattled. You mean a corn popper—no, a corn copper; no a—"

"I mean a corn popper."

"Oh, yes, a corn popper!"

"Yes, to be quick! Give me a corn popper, and be quick."

"All right! Here's your corn popper."—*Chipewa Falls Independent*.

A False Alarm at the Theatre.

A mischievous bank clerk played an embarrassing trick on a prominent Main Street grocer of Olympia, who attended the theatre on Saturday evening. The clerk secured an alarm clock encased in a neat wooden box, the box nicely wrapped and tied. The alarm had been wound up for 9:30 o'clock. As arranged, at 9:30 a friend tapped the clerk on the shoulder inviting him out. "Will you hold this one moment for me?" asked the clerk of the grocer. The latter did so cheerfully, while the clerk and his pal took up a position behind the parquet to see the fun. But a few moments passed before the hands of the alarm got around to 9:30, and there was a continuous ring of the bell for nearly a minute and a half. The embarrassed grocer looked at the package and thought he was holding some infernal machine. He turned sky-blue and tea-green at the same time, while every person in the audience lost interest in the play and turned their eyes on the unfortunate man. Even the "actors" forgot their parts for the moment and thought somebody was ringing a chestnut bell. When the alarm stopped the grocer breathed a sigh of

relief, coupled with evil thought, and threw the box on the adjoining seat.—*Olympia Tribune*.

His Social Equipment.

"The prairies of the West are great places for wind," the other day remarked Charley Searles, of the Northern Pacific. "I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right out in the open prairie, and the way the wind blew was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived, and as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind, I would go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, so I rigged up a sail on an old tie car. All I had to do on Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie car out on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?" "Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?" "Of course I don't!" "Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direction?" "Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."—*Missoulian*.

A Siwash Stampede.

A full grown siwash was plodding his way carelessly along Elk Street the other day, says the Fairhaven *Herald*, when the mill whistles began to blow and the fire bell to ring. He stopped a moment and looked up the street, then down, and again up toward Maple where he saw the hose cart coming down the hill as fast as the men ahead of it could run. This was enough for him. He doubtless thought the Twin Sisters had started to belch forth fire and brimstone and that the approaching hose carriage was a battalion of light infantry charging on him in particular; for, giving a frightened glance up the street, then down, in an apparent effort to find a hollow log into which he could escape, he turned for a dash toward the dock where he could escape in his canoe. He started off like a deer and on the second jump knocked a woman off her feet, and on his third his hat flew off and landed in the mud. He had a pressing engagement on the water front and did not stop to pick up the hat, and when last seen was running like a deer for the wharf, under the impression that the whole fire department was after him. It will be several moons before this frightened siwash again ventures into the dizzy hum of the paleface's civilization and then he will select a day when no fire alarms are to be sounded.

The Woman and the Rat.

A housewife whose cellar was infested by rats baited a trap and finally managed to catch one, whose size and condition proved how often he had eaten her cake and cheese. Greatly rejoiced over the capture she was about to drown him, when the rat calmly inquired:

"Your name is Jones, isn't it?"

"Yes, Jones."

"Wife of Sam Jones, who hasn't sweat his collar for the last fifteen years?"

"Yes."

"And over there on the grocery steps are Pete Clay, Sim Watson, Sile White and a dozen other chaps equally as lazy as Jones."

"Yes; the usual crowd has got together over there to chew tobacco and talk horse," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Well, now," continued the rat, "turn me loose into that lumber pile, and if you don't get more fun out of the antics of that crowd than would load a hay rack I'll agree to return and be drowned."

After due reflection Mrs. Jones decided to try

the experiment. As the rat ran for shelter he was observed by all, and a minute later, headed by Jones, the crowd was digging for the rodent. For two long hours under a boiling summer sun, fourteen men tossed that lumber around in hopes to come upon the rat, and when the search was finally abandoned, Jones had got up steam enough to bring out three boils which had lain dormant in his system for the last ten years, while at least half the others had to go home and wash their necks and get into clean shirts.

MORAL.—“You see,” said the rat to Mrs. Jones as he met her down cellar next day, “dead opportunities are simply a source of regret, while live issues, if properly grasped, lead up to success.”—*Tacoma Globe*.

Dis-cussing Dampness.

There has been some growling because in Oregon we have had twenty-six rainy days during the past month. People who feel inclined to resent this should go over to Japan and “settle” at Gifu, where during thirty days lately they have had 1757 earthquake shocks. This is one every half hour, and a few shocks over. Most people will agree that this is a very shocking state of affairs, and must have a very dilatorious effect on the dairying industry, as under such circumstances it would be impossible for cream to rise. It is impossible to settle coffee there with either fish skin or egg shells, and the grounds have to be held down by hydraulic pressure. What one reads of blizzards and la grippe on one hand and perpetual earthquakes on the other, he can thank his stars that he lives in Oregon, where the early and the later rains fall copiously and the clouds drop their garnered treasures down promiscuously and where crops never fail.

An Eastern man, who was discussing the weather with an old Oregonian, remarked that he had never seen it rain anywhere so continuously as it does here. “I have been here two weeks now,” said he, “and it has rained nearly every day. When did the rain start anyhow?” “Well, you will have to ask some one who has been here longer than I have,” replied the old Oregonian. “I have been here since 1852, and it was raining then. I don’t know just when it did commence to rain here.” The Eastern man said nothing but changed the subject and thought a great deal.—*Portland Oregonian*.

How She Finally Escaped.

The wearied sun had sunk to rest six hours or more ago, and in the dainty drawing-room the light was burning low. The solemn ticking of the clock, in measured beat and slow, to Thompson Gladdis seemed to say that it was time to go.

But Thompson heeded not its voice, for still he lingered there, as if a wad of chewing-gum had glued him to his chair. And Thompson’s voice had taken on a most uncertain note, as if a lump of something dry had risen in his throat.

“Amelia, dear,” he faltered out, “hear what I have to say. It may surprise you, but do not—oh, do not turn away! My palsied tongue has often tried my passion to translate, but doubts, misgivings, tremblings, fears, have made me hesitate. I know I cannot even now my longings formulate in words that please a maiden’s ear or seem appropriate. I cannot clothe my heart’s fond hopes in forms of speech ornate, because my nerveless vocal cords will not articulate. But now the fateful hour has come! I can no longer wait, and ere I leave this house to-night I ask to know my fate. Amelia, dear, my sufferings you must commiserate. To put me out of misery do not procrastinate. Forgive me if I seem too rash, for I am desperate. Your tender heart will blameless hold a poor unfortunate whom love has made unduly bold and too importunate. The question trembling on my lips you must anticipate. Your charms my very being thrill—my

brain intoxicate! My love I cannot picture forth in language adequate, nor voice the deep emotions that my bosom agitate. Devotion pure, affection true my being animate, and every hope I have in life to you I consecrate. Evasions I abominate, deceit I deprecate, and I confess that my estate is very moderate—”

All this had Thompson Gladdis said, with eyes upon the floor, when from Amelia’s gentle lips there came a gentle snore.

And Thompson said, as he walked away: “I’ll tell her the rest some other day.” *Chicago Tribune*.

The Montezuma Straddler.

This paper is prospering. You ought to see our list of subscribers.

Parties owing us will please call and settle. We must have money or we can’t live.

Business is picking up. John Jones subscribed for this great family Journal for three months, last week.

A few more copies of our great family, literary and educational anniversary number, yet on hand, which we printed last year.

Our tariff department is laid up for repairs, for a few weeks. The Major will soon be on deck with his usual unanswerable arguments.

This great moral paper has opinions, which it don’t fail to express—for a consideration.

Pete Johnson, who had his tooth pulled last week, is as happy as ever.

As a local newsgatherer this great family journal takes the cake. We have an able corps of writers who go carefully through our contemporary every week, and rewrite the items in a careful and classical style.

Any fool can take sides on a question, but it takes a genius to straddle the fence in a city election. We straddle.

Tom Smith’s cow presented him with a fine boy calf last week. Mother and calf both doing well.

This paper prints only choice, interesting news. Our society notes are always read.

We neglected to mention last week that Sol. Stevens’ wife paid a visit to her son, west of town, the week before.

Some of our friends who helped us when we were in need, don’t think we did the right thing by them, but we have other friends now who have more money.

Our readers will take notice that this great family journal and moral disseminator has no regular day of publication. If news are plenty we issue Tuesday—otherwise we wait until something of local interest happens.—*Montesano (Wash.) Vidette*.

A Bad Man From the Border Line.

“I was stopping in the only hotel in a little Texas town,” said the traveler, “and was in my room, when I heard three shots in quick succession. I reached the office just as a man rushed in and exclaimed:

“Bill Smith is shot!”

“Dead?” asked the proprietor.

“Three holes in him. He’s done, for sure, was the reply.

“A tall, lanky man, who was standing by the desk, brought his fist down on the blurred and blotched register and said:

“It’s a good thing. I kin walk down the street now without feelin’ that I may have to draw quick and dodge behind a tree most any minute.”

“The proprietor straightened himself up and said:

“Boys, let’s have somethin’. I feel as though I had more to say ‘round this place now and especially in the bar-room.”

“Of course I asked who Bill Smith was and was informed by three or four at once that he was a bad man from the border line, that he

could shoot quicker and with truer aim than any man in that section of the State, that he was quarrelsome, brutal and a general all-around crime-steeped villain. And in the midst of the description the man who had done the shooting walked in. Everybody tried to shake hands with him and every one invited him to drink.

“Then another man came in and whispered to the proprietor, and the proprietor said something to the man who had done the shooting, and there was a general whispered conference. At its conclusion the man who had done the shooting slipped out a back door and the proprietor came over to me and said:

“Say, stranger, what I said don’t go! Understand? It don’t go!”

“Then the lanky man pulled me to one side and said:

“I was jokin’. See? But Bill don’t understand jokes, and you’d better say nothin’ about it.”

“Another told me I had better git out of town, as there was a general feeling that I had heard too much.

“But where is the man who shot this Smith?” I asked.

“Tryin’ to get over the border line into Mexico,” was the reply. Then he added: “Stranger, you don’t seem to sort o’ get onto this business. The Doc has just sent out a quiet tip to the boys that Bill will pretty sure get well. Wherefore, all remarks is called off and we starts a new deal. See?”—*Chicago Tribune*.

Deadly Effects of Alcohol Exhibited.

An object lesson is often the most effective way to impress a truth upon an audience. A local temperance lecturer who recently started upon a little missionary tour through the wilds of Southern Indiana had a peculiar experience the other night while demonstrating the terrible effects of alcohol upon the human system. He had a magic lantern which threw upon a screen a drop of drinking water magnified so many times that the animalculæ in it were plainly seen, swimming all over an illuminated circle several feet in diameter. After explaining that these monsters could be found in any drop of ordinary drinking water, the lecturer proceeded:

“But now I want to show you, my hearers, the deadly effects of alcohol upon animal life. I shall add to this magnified drop of water a drop of common whiskey, and you will observe that it immediately kills everything living it touches. Not one of these little organisms which you now see swimming about full of life will live an instant after I add the whiskey to the water, in which, as you see, they live and thrive. Now then? See?”

Here he added a trace of whiskey and every animalculæ—kicked its last and became a candidate for burial—as dead as Caesar.

Just at this juncture an old man in the middle of the audience, who evidently had taken a deep interest in the experiment, arose for information.

“Say,” he ejaculated, “do you mean to say that all our drinkin’ water is chuck full of them there wiggin’ things?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And a little whiskey kills ‘em—jest nacherly knocks the everlastin’ spots right off of ‘em?”

“As you have seen for yourself, sir, alcohol acts as a deadly poison, and is instantly destructive of animal life.

“Then, by jingo, you’ll never catch me drinkin’ any water without puttin’ a little sperrits into it first to kill off them blamed critters. I’ve been drinkin’ water straight for the last fifty years, but if it is so pesky dangerous as all that, I don’t propose to take any more chances with it, that’s all.”

The lecturer shipped his magic lantern home the next morning, and his illustrations now are purely theoretical.—*Chicago Mail*.



Names for Water.

Apothecaries as a rule think they know all about water *aqua simplex*, as a Chicago physician once had it a few years ago. However, some of them may still learn a point or two from a certain polyglot pharmaceutical directory issued not long ago at Warsaw. Water may be water, yet it is exceedingly interesting to know there are at least nine varieties, to-wit: *aqua fontana*, *aq. fluviatilis*, *aq. lacustris*, *aq. nivealis*, *aq. pluvialis*, *aq. putensis*, *aq. glaciellus*, *aq. palustris*, and *aq. tonitrualis*. It is to be sincerely hoped that our brethren across the big pond will not resort to malicious substitution when short of one or the other brand, although in this country the practice is, we think, invariably to dispense the equally potent "*aqua pumpana*" for either of the aforementioned.—*Western Druggist*.

Treating Ores with Electricity.

A good deal of interest is felt in the result of the new electro-amalgamating process which is to be given a full working test at the Southern Cross Company's works out beyond Anaconda. The company having paid its way out of debt and accumulated a surplus through shipments of ore made the past three or four months, is now seeking a process for treating the ore successfully at the mine, and this it is believed has been found in the electro-amalgamating process which is now being tested. The process is the invention of four Butte mining men—the Hand brothers and Messrs. Edwards and Merrill—and it is under Mr. Edwards' direct supervision that the tests are being made. The process may be briefly described thus: First, dissolving the gold contained in the ore and thus getting it into solution; second, precipitating it by means of electricity into a body of quicksilver at the bottom of the pan—for it is a pan process. Quite extensive experiments have already been made upon Southern Cross ore with the process, though not upon what might be properly termed a working scale, and very satisfactory results have been shown. What is now being done is to equip a ten-stamp mill for the process and thus fully demonstrate its utility. The treatment cost is represented as being quite moderate. The mill will start up in about three weeks upon the new process.—*Butte Inter Mountain*.

Curious Electrical Contrivances.

Fred Watts, bookkeeper of the Iron Bay company, has applied for a patent on a little electrical convenience that is unique, so far as my experience goes. The necessity of catching trains to get up town was the compelling motive of the invention, and it rings a gong a certain length of time previous to the departure of every train up town. A number of lugs are set in the face of a clock so arranged that when both hands are over the correct lugs connection will be made and the gong rung. Should one of the two hands rest on the wrong lug at any time the bell will not ring, neither will it if the hour hand remains on a lug while the minute hand passes between two. The thing is as sure as electricity and is a most ingenious contrivance for people living or doing business in suburban districts.

But talking of electrical inventions reminds me of the thief detector that Mr. Krushke has in his jewelry store. There is not an article in the store having appreciable weight that can be

stolen noiselessly. If it is taken, a din of bells will at once apprise the clerks that something is gone and where it is gone from. Every jewelry tray rests on delicate adjustments so that the slightest decrease in weight will lift it from an electric connection and start a bell. Suppose a sneak thief looking over a tray of rings abstracts one. The clerk, not noticing anything wrong, puts the tray back on the counter. Immediately there begins a ring which does not cease until the ring or an equivalent weight is put into the tray. All parts of the store and all articles possible are thus connected up.—*Duluth Herald*.

Steam Sleighing.

A California correspondent informs us that a young man of that State, a resident of Truckee, name Lane, thinks he has solved the problem of Arctic travel, and brought the North Pole within the pale of civilization. The machine he has invented is a sort of steam motor sleigh. Mr. Lane has been using the first machine which he constructed—a small one run by hand-power—for snow and ice travel among the mountains during the last two years with entire success. He is now having made at the iron works a large one to be run by steam-power. If no Arctic explorer takes advantage of this new means of reaching the North Pole by express, Mr. Lane will use it for hauling passengers and towing logs and carrying freight in the high Sierras, and will have it on hand for transferring passengers over snow blockades on the Central Pacific. The sleigh bed is supported by two double twelve-foot runners. Each of these double runners is twenty-four inches wide, with a groove fourteen inches wide running through the centre. At right angles to the runners, in each end of the sleigh box, are two four-foot cylinders. A rubber belt, on which are set twenty-four V-shaped shovels, connects each pair of cylinders, from front to rear, in the groove of each double runner. The apex of the shovels points downward or upward as the belt rolls around the cylinders, and when on the under side presses into the snow or ice. If the snow is very hard, or the sleigh is traveling over ice, only the tips of the shovels will penetrate, and the machine will glide along as smoothly as a toboggan. The engine, of six horse-power, is placed in the rear end of the vehicle, and the whole machine weighs only 1,800 pounds. Screws in the rear drums gauge the depth of the "bite" of the shovels. The machine needs no roads, can climb steep grades, and go anywhere, over snow or ice, where the way is not obstructed by thick timber or perpendicular cliffs. With his hand machine Mr. Lane has been able to make ten miles an hour over level surface. With his new steam-power sleigh he feels positive that he can travel at least twenty or twenty-five miles an hour.—*American Analyst*.

Manufacturing Eggs.

A manufactured egg, which was bought and sold in St. Paul this week for the genuine product of the hen, has come into the possession of the State Dairy and Food Commission and been subjected by them to chemical analysis.

A day or so ago a gentleman, who had in his possession several eggs which he said he had purchased of a local grocer, presented himself to "Jule" Lawrence, of the commission, and asked if they were fresh. His grocer, he said, had insisted, when he had complained on several occasions about the condition of the eggs, that they were strictly fresh and now he wanted expert testimony on the subject.

The sample was turned over to Chemist Eberman, who yesterday analyzed it and found that from shell to yolk the egg was spurious and has been manufactured of a great variety of ingredients, including, among others, lime, cement, gelatine and sulphur.

Before the analysis Mr. Eberman examined the egg carefully and found it so good a counterfeit that he was ignorant of its true character until he found that the acids dissolved the ingredients entirely in a manner not possible with the genuine article.

The chemist reported his discovery to the boys in the office, and it proved a fruitful topic of conversation. In speaking of the curious find to a *Pioneer Press* reporter yesterday Mr. Lawrence said:

"This is the first case of manufactured hen fruit that has come to my notice. The weight, size and general appearance were exactly like a real egg, and the shell, when cracked, looked and felt like the genuine article, and even revealed the thin film on the outside of the white of the egg. The shell is made up of lime and other ingredients, the white portion mostly of gelatine and the yolk contains considerable sulphur among other things."

"Mr. Lawrence, is the manufacture of eggs illegal and can you prosecute the grocer found selling them?"

"No, I think there is no law regarding the manufacture. The only steps we can take is possibly to charge manufacturers and sellers with obtaining money under false pretenses."

"Can manufactured eggs be sold at market prices and bring any profit to the maker?"

"Yes, eggs are now worth twenty-eight cents a dozen. This gentleman paid that price for his false eggs, and even with the price down to twelve cents, the lowest I know of, I think they can be sold at a profit."

"Darwinism in the Nursery."

An ingenious doctor, Robinson by name, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* the result of a series of experiments which he has conducted upon children of a month old or younger. Starting from the Darwinian theory of our simian origin, he arrived at the conclusion that babies newly born would probably show some trace of the extraordinary power possessed by little apes in clinging to their mothers. His mind was moved in this direction by coming upon Bret Harte's phrase in the "Luck of Roaring Camp," in which the newly born babe "Luck" is said to have "wrangled" with Mr. Kentuck's finger. A discussion arose as to whether a newly born babe could wrestle with a human finger, and Dr. Robinson determined to put the matter to a practical test. He therefore subjected his sixty infants to the test of seeing how long they could hang to a walking-stick, and the result was very extraordinary. To hang by the hand to a bar is an exercise which a person unaccustomed to gymnastics will find too severe a test of their strength, but these little ones, some of them newly born, hung by their hands for a couple of minutes. As soon as they got older the power seemed to pass away. Dr. Robinson summarizes his conclusions as follows:

"In every instance, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or small stick three-quarters of an inch in diameter, by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and sustain the whole weight of its body for at least ten seconds. In twelve cases, in infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed, and in three or four days old I found that the strength had increased, and that nearly all, when tried at this age, could sustain their weight for half a minute. At about a fortnight or three weeks after birth the faculty appeared to have attained its maximum, for several at this period succeeded in hanging for over a minute and a half, two for just over two minutes, and one infant of three weeks old for two minutes thirty-five seconds! As, however, in a well-nourished child there is usually a rapid accumulation of fat after the first fortnight, the appar-

ently diminished strength subsequently may result partly from the increased disproportion of the weight of the body and the muscular strength of the arms, and partly from neglect to cultivate this curious endowment. In one instance, in which the performer had less than one hour's experience of life, he hung by both hands to my forefinger for ten seconds, and then deliberately let go with his right hand (as if to seek a better hold) and maintained his position for five seconds more by the left hand only. A curious point is that in many cases no sign of distress is evinced, and no cry uttered, until the grasp begins to give way. In order to satisfy some sceptical friends, I had a series of photographs taken of infants clinging to a finger or to a walking stick, and these show the position adopted excellently. Invariably the thighs are bent and nearly at right angles to the body, and in no case did the lower limbs hang down and take the attitude of the erect position. This attitude, and the disproportionately large development of the arms compared with the legs, give the photographs a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the celebrated chimpanzee 'Sally,' at the Zoological Gardens. Of this flexed position of the thighs, so characteristic of young ladies, and of the small size of the lower extremities as compared with the upper, I must speak further later on; for it appears to me that the explanation hitherto given by physiologists of these peculiarities is not altogether satisfactory.

Dr. Robinson has a number of photographs of children clinging ape-wise to his walking-stick, but Mr. Knowles has not yet developed sufficient enterprise to enable him to publish them in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Inventions of the Future.

In a recent newspaper interview Mr. Thomas A. Edison, in response to the query whether the inventions of the next fifty years will equal those of the past fifty years, replied: "I see no reason why they should not. It seems to me that we are at the beginning of inventions. We are discovering new principles, new powers, and new materials every day, and no one can predict the possibilities of the future. Take electricity. When we get electricity from coal, a lump as big as this tumbler will light and heat a whole house for hours, and a basketful would run a factory a whole day. In the generation of steam we only get fourteen per cent of the energy of the coal. In electricity we get ninety-six per cent. When we get electrical power direct from coal a few hundred pounds will carry you across the Atlantic and a few basketfuls will take a railroad train from New York to San Francisco. I believe this to be one of the great problems of the future, and I have no doubt but that it will be solved. I have been working on it for years, but I haven't got it yet. When it does come it will revolutionize everything. It will cheapen everything, and it will be the greatest invention of modern times. As it is now we have to burn the coal to get the steam, and the steam gives us the power which runs the dynamo and produces the electricity. We have by no means reached the perfection of the telephone," Mr. Edison went on. "Improvements are being made all the time, and the day will come when every one will have his telephone. Long distance telephoning is growing, and the only restrictions of the possibilities of the telephone is in the sympathetic contact of the electrical wire with the rest of nature. If the single wire could be placed so high above the earth that it would not touch the mountain tops you could whisper around the world and you could sing a song in London and have it heard in Pekin. Wherever we get the wire comparatively free from contact with the earth, distance seems to make no difference, and on a Government line 1,000 miles long over a treeless country in Ari-

zona we got a better telephone connection than we get now between New York and Philadelphia. If we could have a telephone from the earth to the sun—I mean a wire—we could send sounds there with perfect ease; and with the phonograph, were our language universal, we could make a speech here and have it recorded and reproduced in any of the great planetary bodies."

Cannibal Plants.

Some years ago a striking story was published in France describing a wonderful flesh-eating plant discovered by a great botanist. If we remember rightly the story recounted how a certain collector discovered a plant of the flytrap species of so gigantic a size that it could consume huge masses of raw meat. Just as the fly-catching plant snaps up a fly and draws nutriment from the fly's dead body, says a writer in the London *Spectator*, so this one fed itself on the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef which were thrown into its ravenous maw. The botanist in the story, for some reason, possibly fear of having his plant destroyed as dangerous to public safety, keeps the existence of the plant a secret and preserves it in a locked-up conservatory. His wife, however, who is made miserable by his absorption of mind—he thinks of nothing but how to feed and improve his wonderful and fascinating plant—determines to follow him. This she does, accompanied by an old school friend of the husband. When the pair reach the inner conservatory they see, to their horror, the infatuated botanist tossing bleeding joints of raw meat into the huge jaws of a giant flytrap. They are at first petrified with horror. At last, however, the wife throws herself into the arms of her husband and implores him to give up dwelling with the horrible carnivorous monstrosity which he has discovered and reared. Unfortunately, however, the wife in appealing to her husband goes too close to the plant. Its huge tentacles surround her and then proceed to drag her in and the two stupefied men see the plant begin to devour its victim. Fortunately, however, the friend catches sight of an ax lying near and seizing this he strikes at the root of the plant. A few frenzied blows do the necessary work, and the flesh-eating plant tumbles to the ground and releases from its grasp the terrified woman. The botanist, however, cannot survive his most cherished discovery, and with the exclamation, "You have killed my plant!" he falls back dead. The story is good enough as a story, but if we are to believe an article said in the *Review of Reviews* to be taken from *Lucifer*—it is only another instance of fiction being prophetic and anticipating scientific discovery. According to the article quoted by Mr. Stead there has been discovered in Nicaragua a flesh-eating, or rather man-eating, plant, which for horror is quite the equal of the novelist's imagination. This plant is found, it is asserted, in Nicaragua, and is called by the natives "the devil's snare." In form it is a kind of vegetable octopus, or devil-fish, and is able to drain the blood of any living thing which comes within its clutches. We give the story with all reserve, but it must be admitted to be circumstantial enough in all its details to be possible. It appears that Mr. Dunstan, a naturalist, has lately returned from Central America, where he spent two years in study of the plants and animals of those regions. In one of the swamps which surround the great Nicaragua Lake he discovered the singular growth of which we are writing. He was engaged in hunting for botanical and entomological specimens when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot whence the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibers. The plant, or vine, seemed composed entirely of bare, interlacing

stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan attempted to cut the poor beast free; but it was with the very greatest difficulty that he managed to sever the fleshy, muscular fibres of the plant. When the dog was extricated from the coils of the plant Mr. Dunstan saw, to his horror and amazement that the dog's body was blood-stained, while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puffed in spots, and the animal staggered as if from exhaustion. "In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from its clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish-dark tinge, remarkably adhesive, and of a disagreeable animal odor, powerful and nauseating to inhale." The natives, we are told, showed the greatest horror of the plant, which, as we have noted above, they call the "devil's snare," and they recounted to the naturalist many stories of its death-dealing powers. The neighborhood inhabited by that Amazonian tribe, who, by the use of some secret can reduce a human corpse to a tenth of its original size and so produce a perfectly proportioned miniature mummy of the dead man, would have been a good locality in which to "place" the tale of the cannibal plant. Again, Nicaragua is within the tropics and plant life there is therefore specially gross and vigorous. Besides, there is no inherent impossibility in the idea of a flesh-eating plant. It is merely a question as to whether evolution has or has not happened to develop the fly-eating plant on sufficiently large enough scale to do what is related of the vampire plant. No one who has seen the ugly snap which that tiny vegetable crab, Venus' fly-trap, gives when the hairs inside its mouth are tickled by the human finger in the way that a fly would tickle them by walking can doubt for a moment that the development of a plant capable of eating or sucking the blood of a man is only a matter of degree. Even in England there are plants which act on a small scale exactly the part asserted to be played by the vampire vine—for example, *Lathraea squamaria*, the toothwort, "a pale chlorophyl-less parasite found in British woods." There are known to be several hundred diotyledons, which, in some way or other, catch and live on animal food. From such a basis the evolution of a giant and man-eating dicotyledon is within the bounds of possibility. We cannot help hoping very much that the story of the vampire vine will turn out to be true, for if it does the botanists will be able to try some curious experiments as to how these vegetables which are half animals, digest, and whether their movements can properly be regarded as muscular movements. It is true that Darwin administered extremely homeopathic doses (.000095 of a milligramme) of nitrate of ammonia to a sundew and found the plant responded to the drug exhibited, but it would be far easier to conduct experiments on a larger plant. Even as it is we know that the insect-eating plants secrete not only an acid, but a "peptonizing ferment" for the purposes of digestion. They also feed, like animals, "on substances at a high chemical level." More than 150 years ago Linnaeus noted that the Lapps "used the butterwort for curdling milk, a property due to a rennet-like ferment which the plant has in addition to the digestive or peptic." Again, we are told that Dr. Burdon Sanderson has "detected electric currents similar to those observed in the neuromuscular activity of animals." The borderland between animal and plant life occupied by the insect-eaters is, indeed, one of the most curious and interesting fields of biological study; and if a plant as large as the vampire vine could be obtained to experiment with discoveries of enormous importance to science might very likely be made. The vampire vine would doubtless stand a grain of calomel after a heavy meat meal without damage or annoyance.—*American Analyst*.



Winter Threshing in North Dakota.

A novel sight not unfrequently seen in the northern part of the State now, is the drawing of grain in shock to the threshing machine on sleds, and the hauling away of the grain in the same way. It is the first time such a sight was ever seen, and it is probable it will never be seen again.—*Mayville Tribune*.

An Oregon Maiden.

In Astoria there lives a lady eighty-two years of age, says the *Talk*, who has all that time enjoyed a life of single blessedness. She lives in a house now owned by Judge Elliot, a portion of which was built by Mr. Snively in 1845; she is a sister of the judge, and in all probability is good for many more years. She scarcely ever leaves the house and has not been outside of Astoria since 1862.

What is a Blush?

A blush is defined by Dr. T. C. Minor as a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, atiologized by the perceptiveness of the censorium when in predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating a paresis of the vasometer capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant aroto, compound nutritive circulating liquid, emanating from an intimidated parecordia.

The Washington Oyster.

The Washington oyster is not noted for its size and beauty and will not compare with some of the Eastern oysters in flavor, but the oyster fisheries of this State are nevertheless an industry of growing importance, and with the cultivation to which it is susceptible the virgin beds, now worked with considerable profit, will yield a revenue of no mean import. The Olympia oyster is now well known and 300 sacks a week are being shipped from Oyster Bay. Hood's Canal and North Bay, Shoalwater Bay and Willapa Harbor are yielding large quantities, and also portions of Gray's Harbor. Oysters show the most notable advance since the last census year of all of Washington's fisheries, the product having increased from 15,000 to 60,993 bushels.—*Port Townsend Leader*.

Chicago on a Crust of Clay.

"Under the existing conditions," said General Fitz-Simons, of Chicago, to a *Tribune* interviewer in that city, "I would not invest a cent in one of those tall office buildings being erected downtown. While I am not an alarmist I must say that a grave danger exists from the big buildings."

"Chicago is practically afloat. We are resting upon a semi-fluid mass which is covered by a crust only sixteen feet thick. The pressure of the tall buildings upon this semi-fluid mass has a tendency to force this substance up on either side. It's just like placing a brick in a pan of dough. The brick sinks down and the dough rises up on all sides of it. The same thing must happen with the buildings. As I said before, the crust, which is of tough clay, is sixteen feet thick. Beneath this there is a soft substance, which is almost a fluid. It is from thirty to thirty-six feet thick, resting upon a stratum of indurated clay, directly underneath which is the

hardpan. Now, as long as the crust remains intact we are all right; but break the crust and the most disastrous results would follow."

How Oxen Are Shod.

The process of shoeing an ox is familiar to every logger, but few of the readers of *The Lumberman* among the retailers are probably familiar with the process. The ox is suspended to a sort of scaffold to which is attached chains which hold the ends of a large piece of cow-hide that passes under the body of the ox and holds him in the air. Each foot is tied to a block of wood on the floor. The head is held between two bars of wood and tied with a large rope to a ring in the floor. And though the big beast will grunt and squirm very much, he will not disturb the blacksmith in the least, who continues with his work until he has finished. The oxen are shod when they are first sent into the woods, and it is expected that this will do for the season. The shoes are of tempered steel and light.—*Minneapolis Lumberman*.

Retrospective.

A yoke of oxen hauling a rancher's wagon were driven through town yesterday, the object of much curiosity and surprise, and as it is probably the only yoke of work oxen in the county the surprise is quite natural. And yet it is less than ten years since the whole length of Main Street used to be taken up with the freight trains of the "Diamond R"—three wagons in trail and from twelve to twenty yoke of oxen hauling them. Those were great days, and the people never realized what a mainstay to the town the "Diamond R" was until it quit business. Its disbursements in this town averaged \$30,000 a month the year around, and made it possible for a big floating population to exist here. The sight of a lonely yoke of oxen recalls these days of plenty and prosperity, of rum, robbery and ruction. Are we worse off or better?—*Miles City (Mont.) Journal*.

Girls as Orators.

Many people consider the training of girls in debates ill-directed labor, that, since few expect to become public speakers they will make no use of this talent cultivated. We even heard recently on excellent authority that debating societies were evil in effect because they fostered the Grecian method of—if not exactly seeing who can lie most plausibly and effectively—at least stretching the smallest grain of truth to a questionable extent. Perhaps! But doesn't that skill which guides us near the boundary line of truth and fiction make us acute to observe when others have crossed the track, to quickly detect sophisms? Recognition comes only by acquaintance.

In regard to girls in debates—though the great majority will never have occasion to use their persuasive or reasoning powers on the platform, all will need them in private life. The direction of error, self-control, power of gracefully accepting defeat, toleration of the opinions of others, a keen and clear intellect, together with many other qualities developed by debating, are just as valuable to women as men. Women rely too much on their intuitive sense, giving 'Because' for a reason, and the surest way of overcoming this weakness is by drill in society debates.—*Grand Forks Student*.

A Fortune for Two Songs.

Mr. W. M. Hutchinson, the composer, realized the greatest amount ever obtained for any single piece. This was for "Dream Faces," published some nine years ago. It sold at the rate of 40,000 copies a month, and, together with the song of the same title reached a grand total of 320,000. £16,000 was netted over it. Yet the refrain of

the £16,000 "Dream Faces" was written on the back of an old envelope whilst returning from bathing one morning in the summer of 1882, when staying in Scotland. He offered it to a publisher for £75, but the offer was declined.

Mr. Hutchinson also wrote the song and waltz of "Ehren on the Rhine." This he composed one morning, after a restless night, between the hours of seven and eight, and was one of the most profitable hours work on record.

The composer has related how carefully he went to work about his title. He was anxious to get one which nobody would copy, so hit upon this. Everybody who saw it told him that the title would be fatal to the music. The curious ones searched in vain and could find no such place mentioned on the banks of the beautiful river. The truth is he borrowed it from a spot known as Ehrenbreitstein, but as that is such a mouthful, he cut it down, and nobody was the wiser. In spite of the momentary trouble of settling on a title, the song and dance realized £14,000, no less than 280,000 copies being sold.—*London Spare Moments*.

Mountain Rats.

Mr. Burton, of the Southern Cross mine, had an experience with them a few days ago. The new mill was being put in shape for the dynamo that is to be used in the new electrical process. He laced the belts and the next morning found every belt on the floor. This was rather mysterious and he could not understand. He laced them again, and the next morning his experience was the same. He tried it a third time and put a guard out. Just about dark the mountain rats began to appear and the cause of the belts being on the floor was revealed. Poison was tried, but the rats would not touch it. A lot of traps were set and some of the rats were caught, but the third morning the belts were on the floor again. The men at the mine are still devising ways and means to stop the annoyance.—*Butte Inter Mountain*.

We remember many interesting facts in regard to their unaccountable pranks in the sixties at Highland. One night the cook had obtained some dried apples for the morning meal, but in the morning every piece was gone. On a morning soon after a miner pulled out his gum boots from under his bunk and found them full of dried apples, spoons, knives and forks and many similar articles, which had mysteriously disappeared. As a rule they are too smart for traps. We found a black and tan terrier the best remedy. One of these lively traps used to pile up her victim under a pine tree near the house, and invite us in the morning after a good catch to examine trophies.

The Eastern rats, who came over the waters with our pilgrim fathers, are a smart lot, but they are as much inferior to this native mountain rat in cunning and enterprise as the Mongolian, who came over the waters, is to his cousin, the native red man.—*Montana Mining Review*.

Attacked by Pelicans.

J. E. Eldredge, of the Government works at the Coos Bay jetty, had a novel and thrilling experience last week which he will not soon forget. He was shooting in the vicinity of the ponds on the sand hills when a large flock of pelicans came trooping in. The bird is quite a curiosity and is not a very frequent visitor in that locality, so Mr. Eldredge secured two or three with shots from his gun, and one of them which he picked up was not dead, but screamed pitifully. On hearing the cries of their wounded companion the whole flock shrieked like a band of fiends, came down upon the astonished sportsman, tried to bite him with their long bills, which look like a pair of huge shears, struck at him with their powerful wings, and made such a vigorous attack

that clubbing his gun he retreated into the water, and, standing almost up to his armpits, and fighting for his life, killed eight of the enraged birds in protecting himself from injury. The flock at length retreated, and, bruised and wet, Mr. Eldridge went back to the works, bringing some of the birds with him.—*Astorian*.

Wicky-ups on the Columbia River.

Just above the Dalles of the Columbia and on the Oregon side of the great river there may usually be seen a rude encampment of Indians engaged in fishing for salmon. They live in huts constructed of bushes, over which they spread blankets or old pieces of canvas when it rains. They fish with scoop nets and a large part of their catfish is dried for future consumption. The style of dwellings they inhabit are universally known in the Far West as wicky-ups. Nobody knows who invented this term, or in what locality it originated. Wherever the Chinook jargon is used as the means of communication between Indians and whites and between Indians of different tribes speaking different languages, this word wicky-up is understood to mean a hut of bushes, and it has even spread East of the Rockies where

formation to give either give it cheerfully and frankly or refuse with firmness, but don't try to be clever and attempt any "funny business." If you give the information frankly you will in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred be accurately reported and respectfully treated. If you refuse on any other than trivial grounds your reticence will be respected. If you try to outwit the reporter by an effort to mislead him or by direct misrepresentation, you are sure to make a mess of it and wish that you had been better advised. Disabuse your mind of any foolish impression that newspaper reporters are malignant persons, trying to stir up trouble in the world. They are, as a rule, the opposite of this and have as high an idea as other men of the relative advantages of contentment and strife.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Facts About Dining Cars.

"It is imagined by nearly every traveler who pays seventy-five cents or one dollar for a meal on a dining car that the company is reaping a wonderful harvest," said a traveling passenger agent of one of the leading roads in America, "but the figures will soon convince the most skeptical that

man Car Company served 5,000,000 meals on their dining cars, and profits realized did not pay one per cent upon the investment. A leading Western road last year lost \$36,000 on its dining-car service."—*Toledo Blade*.

In Memoriam.

Fred Schmalsle's pet crow "Bob" departed this life yesterday, much to the regret of his owner and others who had grown to cherish a regard for the ungainly, but friendly and intelligent black fowl. During the past summer "Bob" was almost a daily visitor to the *Journal* office, and seemed to very much enjoy the society of an eagle and an owl, (both stuffed) that are part of the esthetic decorations of our sanctum; the eagle to typify our vaulting ambition, and the owl, our wisdom. "Bob," as we have said, seemed to enjoy the society of these distinguished relics, and would sit for hours contemplating them. One day the spirit of curiosity moved him to investigate the make-up of the owl. Cautiously he approached the big-eyed effigy, and having got within reaching distance, he waited a few seconds to see how his approach was likely to be received. Noting that the owl neither winked nor blinked, or gave other evidence of being interested in his crowship, "Bob" sidled up to him and gave him a vicious jab in the side with his sharp, black bill. Having thus declared himself, he briskly hopped out of reach, and cocked his weather eye on the mute bird of the night, expecting no doubt some return in kind, but the owl made no sign. Perceptibly emboldened, "Bobby" advanced in force and fell to pecking at the poor owl with such vigor that by the third or fourth jab he had exposed the cotton intrails of the feathered sage, a large wad of which he bore off in triumph. As it was evidently a fight to a finish on "Bob's" part, we had to interfere and drive him from the premises, but he never forgot the taste of that poor owl's "inwards," and on every opportunity would return for another of his "stuflin."—*Miles City Journal*.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

At last we have some data which will prove interesting to the ladies. We can't vouch for them with unqualified confidence because we haven't been able to verify them, but we have no doubt that they are about as near to the exact truth as it is possible to get.

Taking 100 as representing all the chances which a woman will ever have to get married, we are glad to see that they are distributed in a very encouraging and inspiring way throughout her life, but of course they naturally diminish as the years come creeping on. Between fifteen and twenty—so says our statistician—she has fourteen and one-half of the hundred chances to dispose of herself. It will be seen, therefore, that she toys with the matrimonial lottery business very early in life, or before she has fairly cut her wisdom teeth. Between twenty and twenty-five, however, she breaks more hearts and turns her back on more proposals than at any other time. She has during these years fifty-two chances out of her hundred to trample on a man's affections and make him feel like swallowing paris-green. Between twenty-five and thirty she is glided with the twilight glow and has only about eighteen per cent of all her chances, and between thirty and thirty-five the chances take a tumble to fifteen and a half per cent.

From that time on there is very little left except regretful memories of past opportunities which have been lost. The per centage falls to three and one-half at forty, to two and one-half at forty-five, and then, with the speed of a toboggan slide it descends to one-quarter of one chance at fifty-five. These figures may be sad, but they are instructive.—*New York Herald*.



WICKY-UPS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

the curious Chinook is an unknown tongue. The Indians who camp every year in the salmon season at the Dalles come from the Simcoe Reservation, which lies in Washington on the Yakima River. They belong to the Yakima, Kittitas and Klickitat tribes, peaceable and fairly industrious people, who keep cattle and horses and till little farms. The nomadic instinct is not extirpated in them, however, and many of them wander off to the Columbia when the salmon run or go into the mountains in the season of deer-hunting. Their last war with the whites occurred nearly forty years ago, when they besieged Sheridan, then a lieutenant, in the old block house still standing at the Cascades of the Columbia.

How to Treat a Reporter.

Don't tell a newspaper reporter, when he calls on you on business, things which you do not wish him to print. He does not call for information for the fun of it. He is there on business. When you meet a reporter socially, don't say to him every time you open your mouth, "This is not for publication." The chances are that reporters know the proprieties of life quite as well as men in other callings. If you really have in-

the project is a losing one to the companies, and every one would dispense with the dining car service if they only could. It is the great competition existing between the different roads and the desire on the part of the public for rapid transit that forces the companies to place dining cars on their through trains. All of the great trunk line roads are putting on faster and faster trains every few months.

"As soon as one company puts on a train that will cover the distance between any two important points quicker than the other roads can then all the rest of the roads set to work to reduce the time, and inside of two or three months some other road will announce a train that will make the distance in fifteen, thirty, forty-five minutes or an hour faster than its rival. And so it goes. If any of those fast trains should stop twenty minutes at a station where a dining hall is then the trains with the dining cars attached would reach the point of destination all the way from forty minutes to an hour earlier, and the result would be that they would carry the majority of the traveling public. It is not cheap meals the people who travel on railroads want so much today as rapid transportation. Last year the Pull-

NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

BY HUGH A. WETMORE.



NORTHERN MINNESOTA is to-day "a populous solitude." The mystical region is inhabited by 7,000 Indians and an equal number of white men; yet, outside of its boundaries, little is generally known regarding it. That the Mississippi River rises in its center, where is located the Great Divide which turns the course of most of its rivers

northward, and that its surface is dotted with lakes where wild geese love to dwell in warm weather, the average apathetic student of his country's history and resources will take pride in telling. A land of reeds and red men; a land where there is an excess of moisture in summer and snow in winter, is a popular—though not proper—way of describing it.

Outside of Alaska, no expanse of territory owned by the United States, equal to Northern Minnesota, remains unsettled and unknown. This region is bounded on the north by Rainy and Pigeon rivers, and by Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods; on the south by a line running from Duluth to Grand Forks; on the east by Lake Superior, and on the west by the Valley of the Red River of the North. The territory measures two hundred and ninety miles from east to west, by two hundred miles from north to south. The Divide extends from a point near the mouth of Pigeon River in the northeast corner of Minnesota in a southwesterly direction between the head of the St. Louis River and the Vermillion Iron Range, passing between the St. Louis and Vermillion rivers, the Little Fork and Prairie rivers, and westward between the Big Fork and Mississippi rivers—which are separated by only a quarter of a mile at Lake Winnibigoshish—thence west around the great horse-shoe made by the Mississippi River and Cass Lake, and between the Turtle (a tributary of the Mississippi) and Clear Water (a tributary of the Red River), to the southwest corner of the great Red Lake Indian Reservation; thence north-east to the Lake of the Woods.

The section described as Northern Minnesota—excepting the eastern point, six by twenty-five miles—is drained by rivers which run into Hudson's Bay by the way of Winnipeg Lake and Nelson River. The vastness of the British American system of waterways may be partially comprehended when it is mentioned that a man launching a canoe in the head waters of Rainy River and allowing it to float down through Rainy Lake, Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods, down the Winnipeg River, through Winnipeg Lake, thence down Nelson River into Hudson's Bay, thence to the outlet of Hudson's Bay, would travel a greater distance than he would traverse from Lake Itasca to the jetties. Or, should he choose as a starting point the northwest corner of Lake Winnipeg and float with the current of the Saskatchewan River northwest to where that stream intersects the great Peace River at Athabasca Lake (which, during high water flows both east and west), thence down Peace River into the Arctic Ocean, he would journey more than eight hundred miles farther than he would have to do to reach the Gulf of Mexico.

The importance of the waterway front of Northern Minnesota will probably be better understood

in the near future. A proposition is pending for the joint improvement by the United States and Canadian governments of the Pigeon and Rainy rivers. The expense of permanently improving these watercourses, it is estimated, would not amount to more than one-half the sum which James B. Eads was allowed to spend in trying to control the treacherous mudlumps at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Rainy River, the chief boundary between Northern Minnesota and Canada, extends one hundred miles from Rainy Lake to Lake of the Woods, is from one-quarter to a half mile in width, and has an average depth in its channel of ten feet. The most shallow place is at Manitou Rapids, where, during low water the minimum depth is four and a half feet. The banks of Rainy River are solid, clearly defined, and the channel unvarying. The water is of crystal clearness, and swarms with white fish, trout and sturgeon. The valley of the Rainy River is wonderfully fertile, and is thickly settled on the Canadian side. It is the opinion of Government inspectors and other experts who have explored the country recently that the greatest and most rapid development of Northern Minnesota will take place along this river. Already steamboats are running in Rainy River, Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods which will be an aid to settlers on the American side. The land has been surveyed and is open to actual settlement for an extent of twenty miles from the great falls below Rainy Lake, to the Red Lake Indian Reservation which is soon to be thrown open to settlement. A town has been started at the falls, opposite Fort Francis. This site is located at one of the best waterpowers in the State. There is another undeveloped waterpower at the foot of Rainy Lake.

Approaching Rainy Lake from the west the outskirts of the mineral region are reached. Specimens of lead, copper, silver, gold and a great variety of precious stones have been gathered by explorers in this section, but little has thus far been done, save in iron mining, to develop the mineral resources of this region, which is destined to become a vast mining field. Sixteen years ago the first excitement was raised regarding deposits of iron ore in Northern Minnesota. The first iron ore was shipped about ten years ago. The Ely and Tower mines are now stocked for \$12,000,000. The State receives one cent a ton for every cargo of iron shipped, and from this source alone the State treasury last year received nearly \$10,000 from the Vermillion mines. The mines of Northern Minnesota yield a higher percentage of metallic iron than ore delved in Wisconsin or Michigan. Minnesota iron is the finest in the market, and is purchased by iron companies in other States to bring their metal up to the Bessemer grade.

The Vermillion and Mesaba iron ranges commence near Lake Superior and run parallel—forming the Divide and extending to Lake Itasca in an almost unbroken chain. The angle of the rocks at Vermillion Lake is almost perpendicular with a dip to the northwest, while at the west end, where the new mines near La Prairie are being opened up, the dip is toward the southeast. It is thought that the new Prairie River mines are on the Mesaba Range, though the capitalists who have invested their money in developing the mines of Itasca County believe they are on the Vermillion Range proper. This will be a difficult matter for the geologists to settle, owing to the peculiar break-up in the range about midway between its two extremes. The iron region is estimated to be about a hundred and fifty miles in length, extending in a southwesterly direction from Range Eight.

Many railways have been projected since the gold excitement of 1844, 1845 and 1846, when Owen was attracted to this region and made a

special study of the indications of iron, but thus far only two lines have been constructed; namely, the Duluth & Iron Range Railway, extending from Duluth to Ely and Tower, and the Duluth & Winnipeg road, which was forced to seek a terminal in West Superior and has extended its track to Deer River, a point fifteen miles west of La Prairie, in Itasca County.

During the past year La Prairie and its near neighbor, Grand Rapids, have grown rapidly. La Prairie is located near the confluence of the Upper Mississippi and Prairie rivers. The last mentioned stream has 2,000,000,000 feet of pine timber tributary to it, which will occupy the saw mills of La Prairie. Grand Rapids, which has for years been a supply point for the logging operators of the north woods, has a good water power which will soon be developed and will run a paper-pulp mill and a paper mill. A mill to work up the forests of "popple" and bass wood into "excelsior" will also be built next spring. As bearing upon the future destiny of this region, it has been predicted that a railroad will be built from the most northern point of Lake Superior to the most southern point on Hudson's Bay, a distance of 300 miles. Another road is talked of to run in a direct line from Duluth to a point opposite Fort Francis, on the Rainy River, traversing the richest portion of the State.

Common rumor and newspaper reports long since exhausted the pine forests of Northern Minnesota. Notwithstanding this there has been a yearly increase in the output of the mills supplied with logs from the region tributary to the head waters of the Mississippi. The census reports of 1880 gave Minnesota about 4,500,000,000 of pine timber standing. Since that time 6,500,000,000 feet have been cut by the mills on the Mississippi, at Duluth, along the railway lines, at Stillwater, and by the Red River mills, to say nothing of the timber which has been bought, stolen and run across the border at Rat Portage. Yet conservative lumbermen estimate that there is still at least 7,000,000,000 feet of pine growing in Northern Minnesota, which, carefully handled, will supply the Northwest for many years to come. Were it possible to prevent the ravages of fire the vast forests of this part of the State would be as inexhaustible as those of Norway and Sweden.

Aside from the pine, the hardwood timber of Northern Minnesota is the finest on the continent. Vast areas of land are densely covered with hard and soft maple, oak, ash, elm, birch, ironwood, cherry, dogwood, American aspen (*alias* popple) and hazel of superior quality. There is an abundance of basswood, cottonwood and cedar. This is a source of wealth second only to the pine.

A remarkable fact in connection with the timber is that no country in the world produces such a quantity of small wild fruits and berries. Raspberries, blackberries, dewberries, strawberries, blueberries, huckleberries, cranberries, wintergreen berries, plums, thorn apples, cherries, grapes, wild-pear (service-berries) together with several species of small fruits not seen in any other portion of the United States—and for which there are no botanical names—grow in profusion. Vast quantities of these, together with millions of bushels of hazel-nuts go to waste every year after the wild animals and birds and the red men have feasted off them. The sugar of the maple trees is sufficient to supply sweetening to the whole of Minnesota, though now only the Indians avail themselves. The straggling Indians and the white squatters take no heed of the morrow, what they shall eat, for bounteous Nature here supplies them, as the Children of Israel were fed with quail. Moose, cariboo, elk, deer (white and black tail) cinnamon and black bear, and all fur animals—wolves, foxes (red,

black and silver-grey) martin, fisher, beaver, otter, mink, muskrat, tempt the hunters and trappers to this immense natural stock farm, that has for years borne the title of "sportsmen's paradise."

The water fowl are entitled to mention. Every American from New Mexico to the Atlantic Coast has seen the countless flocks flying south in the fall and north again in the spring. They pass the summer and hatch their broods in Northern Minnesota, and in the watered territory reaching on to Hudson's Bay. They are nowhere more thickly massed than in the great chain of lakes, ponds and marshes which mark the limit of the enchanted land of which I write. They nest in the rice beds and the grass islands. Wonderful tales could be told of actual visits to them, if space permitted. A whole article could be made of the history of one day which I passed among the web-footed tribes, when our "pack-Injun" sacrificed a hundred pounds of flour so that he might be foot-loose to catch three young geese that were too fat to fly. Another paper

the best wild hay produced. The soil is both strong and deep. The sub-soil is a clay, which holds moisture in store; the surface soil is sandy and in some places rocky, with successive strata of vegetable mould and ashes, deposited by the burning of generations of timber, with phosphates and alkali sufficient to make them fertile.

The low lands are covered with dense growths of balsam, spruce, tamarack, white cedar, birch and thickets of hazel, black alder and deep layers of moss, which in many places have been found to be underlaid with peat to the depth of fifteen to twenty feet. It would be difficult to conceive how dense these growths are. A white cedar thicket is almost impenetrable by a human being; the trees will intertwine their branches like the hedge-rows of old settled communities. In these jungles are bear, deer, moose, porcupine, bob-cat, lynx and badger, and those animals find therein an abundance of food during winter, as well as comfortable shelter.

There is still an abundance of good farm land to be had from the Government, by complying



DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

could be written on the race that he represented, "The Chippewa of To-day."

In no other respect has Northern Minnesota been so badly misrepresented as it has in respect of its agricultural possibilities. The day is coming—it has already arrived—when the farmer class will come pouring in to find at last their land of gold. Northern Minnesota will make a special exhibit at the World's Fair of farm and garden products. Without any thought of advertising this as a farming country, a number of lumbermen have raised for use in their own camps, upon land denuded of its pine, some of the finest vegetables that ever were seen. Specimens have been carried away, and an influx of farming population is the result. The finest potatoes, cabbages and onions that I ever saw were grown in Itasca County. The natural meadows are so luxuriant that all the lumbermen and settlers need to do is to go and cut hay for the sustenance of thousands of horses and cattle. The native blue-point and red-top grasses that grow around the borders of the lakes will yield from two to three tons per acre. This is the

with the homestead laws. In the rush for pine claims, the best tillable land has been allowed to remain vacant. Most of the best pine land has been taken up. The woods are full of settlers—even the unsurveyed townships are swarming with squatters, who will go into the wilderness fifty to seventy-five miles from a railroad, build a log shanty and wait for the Government to order a survey. It is thus that Northern Minnesota is "a populous solitude," though the outside world still fondly imagines it to be a barren wilderness.

A NEW PAIR OF LINES ON THE HOSS.

When the cowboy lights out o'er the alkali plain,
With a skin full of rum and remorse,
You'll find him most always, in sun or in rain,
Outside of what he terms a horsec.

And up in New England, with abdomen blue,
The Puritan frescoed with moss,
Puts cod liver oil on his wagon so new
And tew it he hitches a hoss.

But here in Kentucky, where Nature is kind
And betting is middling close,
You'll find the fair girl and elongated men
Admiring and loving the hoss.

—Bill Nye.

THE QUESTION OF ROADS.

The farmer who raises wheat in the Northwest gets the same price for his wheat grown on cheap lands, as the New York farmer on the high priced land, less the difference in transportation to the consumer. If this cost of transportation is equal to a fair interest on the difference in value of the land, the farmers are on an equality so far as opportunities are concerned. But farmers in the same neighborhood are not on a par. Of two who sell their wheat at the same price one hauls one mile and can deliver six loads a day, and the other hauls ten miles and can deliver but one load per day. His extra labor adds to the cost of his wheat and reduces profit. These are considerations which do not usually have much influence when a farm is about to be purchased, but they add to or take from the profits to be derived and really from the value of the land that is most distant from market. The condition and grade of roads is a matter of importance. The power required to move 100 pounds on a level road will only move seventy-five on an upgrade of three feet to the mile, fifty pounds where grade is nine feet to the mile, and thirty-seven pounds where the grade is fifteen feet. Careful estimates show that a team which hauls 2,000 pounds on an ordinary dirt road will haul thirty-nine per cent more on a hard graveled road, and 213 per cent more on a macadamized road. Good roads save time and road labor, and very much reduce the cost of getting crops to market. Land, therefore, located on good roads is more valuable than that which is approached only by badly graded and badly kept highways. In buying a farm not one of these points should be overlooked.—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

THE DAKOTA FARMER.

A St. Paul lumber dealer who owns a list of line yards in Dakota says he is surprised to see how well the trade keeps up in spite of all the calamity that has come upon that part of the country. "The Dakotas will finally develop a sturdy class of farmers," said he. "The process of development is a hard one. No doubt there are hundreds of cases of financial wreck there, sad enough to make your heart ache. The rush of settlement was too hasty and hopes were too high. A few years ago the wheat farmers out there were English lords and American millionaires who farmed during the summer and spent their wheat money in England or Florida during the winter. The people who rushed out there to take up land thought they could do it too. They were fooled. A good many put in all the money they had and borrowed heavily expecting that the magical crop of No. 1 Hard wheat would pay for everything in a year or two. One or two hard years wrecked them. But the German colonists who began carefully and planted potatoes and corn as well as wheat, are doing well in spite of hard times. When the Dakotas are finally settled the inhabitants will be a nervy, industrious race, and they will conquer the country by dint of stern experience—not theory."—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

One of the places of interest to tourists along the Missouri is the burning coal mine near Beaumont's ranch, opposite Hancock. The mine has been burning for many years. The oldest inhabitant cannot tell when the fire started. Smoke and gas come out of crevices along the side of the bluff, about fifty feet above the flood plain of the Missouri. Cold days it has the appearance, at a distance, of a volcano. We have been told by those who have ascended to the opening or mouth of the mine that the surface is soft and spongy, making it dangerous to venture close.—*Stanton (N. D.) Pilot.*



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICE: Mannheimer Block, Third and Minnesota Streets.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 210 S. Clark St. New York, Mills Building, 15 Broad Street.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per acre line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$3.50. Discounts for time contracts. Heading notices, 50 cents per line count.

INSTRUCTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE IS \$2 a year; payment in advance.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

THE PORTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition for ocean postage.

PAYMENT FOR THE NORTHWEST, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

LETTERS should be addressed to
THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1892.

NOT PRACTICABLE.

There is no harm in Congress authorizing the engineers to spend a little money in making a survey for a ship canal from the head of Lake Superior to the Mississippi. We hope this will be done because it will, we believe, set at rest all hopes and ambitions associated with the project. Not that the construction of such a canal would be a very difficult or very extensive exploit for modern engineering skill, but for the reason that no adequate feeders will be found on the watershed between the headwaters of the St. Croix and those of the small streams flowing into the lake. An immense reservoir would be required to supply water for the lockage of a ship canal, on which a considerable number of large vessels would have to be raised daily to an elevation of at least 600 feet above Lake Superior and lowered 500 feet to the level of the Mississippi. The streams available to feed such a reservoir are mere creeks, with a very scanty summer flow. The elevation of Lake Superior above sea level is 608 feet at Duluth, and that of the Mississippi at St. Paul is 710 feet. The average altitude of the height of land separating the waters flowing into the St. Croix and the Mississippi from those flowing to the head of the lake is at least 1,200 feet. East of Brainerd it is almost 1,400 feet. Vessels going from the lake to the Mississippi would therefore have to be raised by dockage fully 600 feet. A canal boat gains about ten feet elevation in each lock. Sixty locks would therefore be needed to reach the summit level from the lake and about fifty to descend to the level of the waters of the Mississippi at St. Paul. Now imagine a commerce of sufficient volume to warrant the construction of a ship canal, and you can arrive at an approximate idea of the enormous flow of water required for the lockage. Where is such a flow to be obtained on the water-shed between the lake

and the Mississippi? Nobody familiar with that region believes it possible to obtain more than a small fraction of what would be absolutely required to operate the canal.

THREE INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

Three events of comparatively recent occurrence in the Puget Sound region have been the subjects of a good deal of newspaper comment and are rightly taken as of considerable significance in their bearings on the future development of that interesting country. The first was the arrival in the Sound waters of the whaleback Wetmore, built at Superior, Wisconsin, taken out to the Atlantic by way of the lakes, the canals and the St. Lawrence and thence across to Liverpool and finally brought around South America into the Pacific. When near the mouth of the Columbia the vessel lost her rudder in one of the severest storms ever known on that coast and was towed into Astoria by a passing steamship. Until this accident occurred the queer craft had proven an excellent sea boat, and even with her rudder gone she was not helpless but was kept with her head to the gale. After repairing in the Columbia she proceeded to the Sound and is now about to enter the regular trade between Tacoma, Seattle and San Francisco as a coal, lumber and merchandise carrier. She is to serve also as a type for other vessels of the same class to be built at the new town of Everett, at the mouth of the Snohomish River. Capt McDougall, the designer of the whalebacks, thinks that the loss of the Wetmore's rudder in the height of a heavy gale tested her capacities as a sea boat in such a manner as to remove all possible doubt on this score, and that no other type of vessel would have lived through the storm thus vitally disabled. The work of building whalebacks at Everett will soon begin and the appearance of a fleet of these new freight carriers on the Pacific will have a tendency to lower ocean rates on the chief products of the Puget Sound basin and thus to enhance the prosperity of that region.

The second interesting event was the successful shipment of wheat in bulk from Puget Sound to Liverpool. The ship Ben McDhu was loaded at Tacoma last June with 70,000 bushels of wheat, one-third of which was shipped in bulk and the remainder in sacks in the old way. She arrived in December at Havre, France, with her cargo in good condition. All wheat from the Pacific Coast has hitherto gone to European markets in sacks and it has been generally believed that as the vessels carrying it have to cross the equator twice, wheat shipped in bulk would heat and spoil and that the sack method, which provides for a circulation of air through the cargo, is the only safe method. It costs two-and-a-half to three cents per bushel to sack wheat and this expense is a direct tax on the growers. If future experiments should fully confirm the results of the trial made by the Ben McDhu the whole costly business of sacking would be abandoned and the farmers of the Pacific Coast would yearly be better off by a sum running up into the millions.

The third event to which we desire to refer was a shipment of fir lumber in length of 100 feet from Tacoma to Brooklyn, N. Y., for use in the construction of a ferry boat. This emphasizes the fact that the tough, clean fir lumber of the North Pacific Coast is beginning to be appreciated in the East and that it can profitably be sent across the continent by rail in dimensions of large sizes for special purposes where big, strong sticks are needed. It brings up, also, for discussion the question of whether the time is not near at hand when the lumber of the Coast can be marketed at least as far east as the Mississippi Valley and Chicago and come into general use for building, in competition with the pine of the

near Northwest. No one has any doubt that the opening of the Nicaragua canal will open the Atlantic Coast cities to the lumber of Puget Sound and the Columbia River, but the question of the possibility of such low freight rates as would justify the long rail haul across the continent on general building material is an open one with the weight of opinion on the negative side. As long as the white pine of Minnesota and Wisconsin holds out it is very doubtful whether Oregon and Washington fir will be put down in markets close to the pineries at rates which will enable it to compete with the home product. It may come this side of the Rockies into Eastern Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, but we do not think it will reach the Chicago, St. Louis or the Twin Cities of Minnesota to displace the lumber of our own forests.

THAT GIGANTIC MINNESOTA PARK SCHEME.

The members of the American Forestry Association are intelligent and public-spirited gentlemen who entertain excellent ideas as to the importance of preserving the forests of the country from destruction that they may beautify the land, store the rain-fall under the shade of their branches and feed it out gradually to supply the rivers with their natural flow. These gentlemen, like other people who take up a single line of research and action, now and then run their specialty to the extreme of absurdity. This was the case recently, when, acting on the expressed desire of many prominent citizens of Minnesota for the reservation of a small tract around Lake Itasca and another small tract on the shores of the Lake of the Woods for National or State parks, they proceeded to take a map of the State, draw red lines around nearly one-seventh of its entire area and memorialize the President to withdraw from settlement all Government lands those lines enclosed, in part as a forestry reserve and in part as a National park. Of course there was instant and emphatic protest from all over the State and particularly from the northern part, where large expectations are entertained of the benefits to arise from the future settlement of the great forest belt. Duluth, through her chamber of commerce, took the lead in the movement to frustrate this remarkable project. St. Paul's chamber follows immediately with an emphatic protest. Petitions went to Washington from Brainerd, Crookston, Grand Rapids and many other towns on the borders of the proposed park, taking strong ground against the scheme. By this time the Executive has been fully informed that public sentiment in Minnesota is practically unanimous against the proposed fencing in of any large area in the State from settlement, mining and lumbering, whether under the name of a National park or a forestry reserve, and we may feel confident that no such orders as the Forestry Association desires will be issued from the White House.

The only argument in favor of the scheme is that the forests are needed to keep up the flow of the rivers, but this has little force when the fact is borne in mind that the woods country of Northern Minnesota is mainly a pinery, and that the cutting of the large pines for lumber does not denude the land, but on the contrary brings up a much denser growth of poplar, oak and other deciduous trees. The soil on which pines grow is not fit for farming and will not be cleared when the lumbermen have left it. In our great forest region, however, there are many strips of hard wood land which will make good farms when cleared and these will be settled very soon, now that railways are advancing into the region. There are also strips of fine alluvial prairie, said to be as fertile as the lands of the Red River Valley, and the region in question contains the newly-discovered iron deposits of the Mesaba

Range, which probably exceed in extent those of the Vermillion Range. In a few years it will be the busy scene of many productive industries and will afford homes for tens of thousands of industrious people. No one but an impractical theorist could for a moment fancy that public interests would be subserved by segregating this vast domain from the movements of advancing civilization.

AN OLD CONTROVERSY RECALLED.

A decision handed down by the Supreme Court at Washington City last month recalls a controversy that once excited a good deal of interest in the State of Washington, but which has practically passed into history. When the Northern Pacific constructed its Cascade division up the valley of the Yakima River it found, about midway of that valley, a well-established town of about 500 people called Yakima City. This town was the capital of the county of the same name and had built a court house, a school house, a dozen stores and a hundred dwellings. Unfortunately its situation was bad for any further growth, for on one side it abutted on a steep mountain, and on another side it ran against a swamp-bordered river. The railway managers were ambitious to make a large and handsome town in the Yakima Valley that would have a fair showing for becoming the capital of the new State. The road owned a section of land three miles distant from Yakima City that lay admirably for town development and upon which an abundant supply of water could be brought at small expense for irrigating lawns and gardens. They went to work and platted there the town of North Yakima, constructed ditches to bring water along every street and set out thousands of shade trees. Then they offered the dwellers in Yakima City free lots and the free removal of their buildings if they would migrate to the new town. A large majority of them accepted the offer and soon a procession of buildings began to move across the sage-brush plain. About a score of families, however, refused to abandon their old homes and among these were quite naturally the principal land owners in the old town. When the railroad company began to run its trains it established no station at Yakima City, which by that time had been reduced by the hegira to North Yakima to a forlorn hamlet. The remaining citizens brought suit in the United States courts to compel the company to give them a station; and it is this suit, which has pursued its tedious way up to the highest tribunal, that was finally decided in favor of the railroad last month.

The opinion of the court was read by Judge Gray and a dissenting opinion was delivered by Justice Brewer and concurred in by Justices Harlan and Field. The court held that a writ of mandamus to compel a railroad corporation to do a particular act in constructing its road or buildings, or in running its trains, can be issued only when there is a specific legal duty on its part to do that act, and clear proof of a breach of duty; that in this case there was no clear proof of such breach of duty, but that on the contrary the findings in the lower courts showed that the people in the surrounding country, considered as a community, were better accommodated at North Yakima than they would be by a station at Yakima City. Justice Brewer, in the dissenting opinion, said: "When the railroad built its line it found a city already established, the county seat and largest place along its road for many miles. Every public interest required that the station should be established there. Instead, the railroad company went three or four miles farther along and laid out a town on its own land. No reason is given for such a course. The railroad neglected and abandoned its public duty to serve its private ends. Any one who knows the

process of railroad building knows it is a common thing to build up one town and pull down another in this manner. The established town offered an insufficient bonus for a station sometimes."

We have said that this case has now only a historic interest. Everybody, except a handful of people who have property interests in the old townsite, now agrees that the establishment of the new town was a wise act on the part of the railroad company. A handsome town of 2,500 people has sprung up at North Yakima—a town of substantial buildings, of green lawns, of fruits and flowers and running waters that cool the summer air and refresh the gardens and waysides. The capital was not secured for the reason that the town of Ellensburg, fifty miles up the river, entered the race and so divided the voters who favored a central location that the prize remained in the hands of Olympia, the old Territorial capital. Nevertheless the people of North Yakima have accomplished great things in the brief space of time since the site of their town was an absolute desert. They have created one of the prettiest and most flourishing centers of population, trade and education in the entire State of Washington. This could not have been done at the old town lying against the mountain and the swamp. Railroad companies constructing lines in a new country often damage private interests, but if their work proves to be for the advantage of whole communities the criticisms of a few individuals do not deserve much attention from the public and seldom find endorsement in the courts.

BLACK WOOL IN DEMAND.

We learn from our wool growers that a market has of late developed for black wool. For a long time black sheep have been regarded as an eyesore in a flock of sheep, their only value being that of markers or counters. They being easy to count it was easy, where there were a dozen or so of these, to ascertain if they were all on hand, and when this was the case it was pretty safe to estimate that there were no sheep out. Some flockmasters used bell sheep for this purpose but black sheep were the most convenient and most owners preferred to have a few of this class of sheep, but few ever supposed that a market would be developed for their wool, the black wool has long been below par, rating even lower than buck wool. In early days of the industry it sold as much as seven cents below medium white wool and the grower felt that its presence was a detriment to the clip. But this year black wool sold for from a cent to a cent and a half more than the fine medium wools of our flocks, thus demonstrating that a market has at length been developed for the black fleece. It is now stated that the black wool, inasmuch as it does not have to be dyed, is preferred for black cloth, etc., and the supply being a great deal less than the demand the price is a little above other wools. However, we do not even now consider that the production of black wool would be profitable, since the black sheep does not produce over four or five pounds of wool per head, but we mention the fact so that our growers who humor their herders by keeping a few black sheep for counters, may know that it will pay to husband their black wool as carefully as the rest of their clip.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

THE KEYNOTE OF AN AUDITORIUM. In rooms of poor hearing qualities Dr. Ephraim Cutter says: Every hall or church has its keynote, and the audience will hear better if the speaker's voice is pitched and held to the keynote of the room. To find the keynote, sing the natural scale slowly, evenly and smoothly, or play this scale on piano or organ. The note which is most prominent is the keynote.—*Scientific American*.



IT was at a performance of the Oratorio of the Messiah, in Washington. The local chorus was well-trained and the soloists were singers of note. A big, red-faced man who sat near me in the audience manifested signs, first of surprise, then of impatience and then of disgust, and at the end of the first hour he left the theater grumbling audibly, "Well, if this ain't the worst show I ever struck. A fellow might as well go to church." He evidently thought the Messiah was a new comic opera.

I CONFESS to a mild skepticism as to the wisdom of the Australian ballot system. It is costly and complicated and I don't see that it produces any better class of officials than the old, simple system. I asked a prominent Mississippian in Washington how it works in his State with the ignorant voters who can't read. "Why, the politicians soon discovered a very simple way to beat the law," he replied; "each voter who can't read his ballot is provided with a stick on which notches are cut at intervals so as to come opposite the names of the nominees of one party or the other when the stick is placed upon the ballot. All the illiterate voter has to do is to put a cross against the names corresponding with the notches on his stick." After all, is not this Australian system merely a popular reform fad, which will have its day and then be abandoned? You can't make voters intelligent and honest by any process of legislation.

A ST. PAUL man, returning to his old haunts in the East, is not pleased to find that many of his old friends, who know that he now hails from Minnesota, take it for granted that he lives in Minneapolis. Not that he would be at all ashamed of a residence in the sister city, but the mistake annoys him just as a mistake in his identity would. I suppose not less than a dozen old acquaintances in Washington, after the first greetings, said something to the effect that they understood that I was living in Minneapolis. I never heard, however, of a Minneapolis man being credited to St. Paul. The explanation is, I imagine, to be found, first, in the similarity of the two words Minnesota and Minneapolis and the natural association of the two words—an Eastern man, when he thinks of Minnesota thinks of Minneapolis as its chief city; and second, in the wide advertising given to Minneapolis by the sale of its flour all over the world. St. Paul has no special product to make it famous like the beer of Milwaukee and the flour from the big mills of the other town.

THE smaller nations of the globe, like the smaller States of our American Union, are interesting by reason of their littleness. One marvels that they should exist at all as separate entities. I met lately a cultivated gentleman from Costa Rica, of pure Spanish ancestry. He told me that his country had only 200,000 people, yet it supports a fully organized government, with a president, a congress, a judiciary, an army, a customs service and a score of ministers with their secretaries living at foreign capitals. All this costs nearly \$4,000,000 a year—about twice as much as it costs to run the State Government in Minnesota for a million and a half of

people. The Costa Ricans can stand it because they have a very productive coffee-growing country and are a wealthy people; but the wonder is that they do stand it instead of insisting on a union with their Central American neighbors. My acquaintance said that Costa Rica raises the best coffee in the world, but we get none of it. All the crop goes to London where it brings a higher price than the best Java. You Americans, he added, do not appreciate high-grade coffee and will not pay an extra price for the Costa Rica berry. I assured him that this must be because of our ignorance of its merits, for we are an extravagant people, fond of buying the best things we can find for our tables without closely counting the cost.

WHENEVER I go East I realize that the comforts of travel are superior on Western railways to those afforded by the roads in the older sections of the country. Unless you take one of the high-priced limited trains from Chicago to New York your Pullman is pretty sure to be an old, musty one, of a pattern which the Western roads have relegated to local service on their branch lines. The right of the traveler to a square meal at the customary meal hours is not recognized. Sometimes the mid-day meal is not obtainable until two o'clock or later and the supper station may not be reached until ten. The buffet cars are never satisfactory. The colored man who runs the culinary department of these cars will serve you weak coffee, stale bread and cold meats if you have the patience to wait upon his slow motions. Dining cars are only found on the fast through trains and these are attached at way stations, often long after reasonable meal hours. They charge a dollar for a meal, rarely as good as you get for seventy-five cents on the lines between Chicago and St. Paul, and the waiter is so eager to pocket a quarter of your change that you scarcely have time to give it to him before his itching palm has clutched it. In all ways the passenger on the great Eastern roads is made to feel that he counts for very little; he is only one of the herd. In the West his individuality is not entirely subdued to the requirements of corporation rules and the machine-like rigor of corporation employees.

OUR Minnesota senators are men of diverse characters and habits, who supplement each other very well in their work at Washington. Senator Davis is somewhat of a recluse. He works hard in his committee room at the capitol mornings and in his library at home evenings, having each year two or three important law cases in the Supreme Court to prepare and argue, in addition to his public duties. He cares very little for society and likes to spend what little leisure he can command in reading. He lives in a modest house on Massachusetts Avenue, near the Thomas statue, and is always accessible to Northwestern people. His visitors cannot well fail to remark, however, that he has the look of an overworked man who has just dropped some absorbing task upstairs to come down in response to their cards. Mrs. Davis gives weekly receptions during the fashionable seasons. Davis seldom takes part in the current of daily debate in the Senate, but when he speaks he commands attention. His standing in the body is that of an able man and a sound lawyer who never talks for the sake of talk. Senator Washburn is a better politician than his colleague and much more a man of affairs. He has a good deal of tact, a fine presence and pleasing manners. He keeps on excellent social terms with the Democratic senators as well as with the men of his own party. He is a good, practical legislator, although not much of a debater. He knows how to accomplish results for his constituents at the departments and in the committees. He lives handsomely in

the house at the far end of Massachusetts Avenue built by Senator Edmunds of Vermont, and Mrs. Washburn's receptions are noted for elegance and good taste.

A MISQUOTATION in one of these Note Book paragraphs a few months ago proves in the end a fortunate error, for it brings across the Atlantic the following interesting letter from Geo. P. Neele, superintendent of the London & North-western Railway:

In your "NORTHWEST MAGAZINE" for November, 1891, a very interesting publication, by the way I observe among the paragraphs in the "Note Book," at page 50, a reference to Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, and the writer is at a loss to know what "lie" is referred to in the couplet quoted. The mystification lies in the error in the quotation; the proper allusion runs thus:

"Where London's Column," etc., and refers to the lofty column near London Bridge, generally called the "Monument," which was erected as a memorial of the great fire of London in Charles II's reign, A. D. 1666. The inscription at the base of the Column detailed the facts connected with the fire and added a charge—it was more than an insinuation—that the fire in question was the work of the Papists or Jesuits. The lines are continued in one of the poems of the time written by the well-known Alexander Pope—himself a Roman Catholic—and he thus branded the accusation as a lie; which is now agreed on all hands to have been the case, and I am under the impression that the objectionable words in the inscription have been erased.

The "Monument" is a very marked feature among the adjacent spires and towers of our city churches. There is a stairway inside it leading to an upper platform, at the top of the structure, and from the platform a very extensive view of the city is obtainable; but owing to the numerous cases of suicide by people throwing themselves down to the street below, there is now a cage erected round the platform. The top of the monument consists of a large pineapple-shaped mass of stone work carved to represent flames going upward, and is kept brightly gilded.

Pardon my troubling you with this note, which you are of course at liberty to use in any way you like.

GEO. P. NEELE.

HERDING SHEEP IN MONTANA.

The ancient and honorable occupation of sheep herding is one of the most important and responsible known to our people, yet as a rule it is regarded as one of the most unimportant occupations in the State. It is generally thought that any one who is too lazy to work on a farm, ride the range, drive a team or work in the mines is well calculated for a sheep herder. But this is altogether a mistake. It requires a live, energetic man, with good judgment, forethought and a thorough knowledge of the animals under his care, to care for a flock of sheep as they should be, and the more careful one is and the better he attends to the small details, the better will be the success chronicled. The idea that any thrifless, shiftless kind of a person can herd sheep is drawn from the fact that many of our most careful herders when off duty are often dissipated. Some of them work for a whole year and others for several years and then go to town and squander the accumulations of all this time, amounting to from eight to twelve hundred dollars, frequently on one spree. This is a weakness of mankind and is more noticeable in the case of herders because it is longer between sprees and they have a bigger pile to squander; the men of other callings addicted to the vices of whisky and cards having a better opportunity, owing to their occupation, to invest their earnings, never manage to get more than a week or a month's wages ahead. All sheep herders, of course, are not of the reckless class. Some of them save their money and buy a flock of their own or obtain a flock on the shares and thus in a few years become full-fledged woolgrowers. Many of the flock owners of Montana are men who have risen from herding to become owners. But the man who sets sheep herding down as an irresponsible calling because some herders spend all their earnings while on periodical drunks,

has no knowledge of a sheep herder's duties. The fact that judicious owners are paying from forty-five to fifty dollars per month is evidence that the industry requires responsible and skilled labor, for the other rural pursuits obtain their help for at least ten dollars per month less.

Certainly the herder is entitled to good pay. His summers are spent remote from the settlements; his abode is a little eight or ten foot cabin, or perhaps nothing but a tent, and he never sees a human being except the owner on his monthly rounds with a new supply of bacon and beans and other articles of food. And his flock is his constant care in the daytime to keep them from straying, and during the night to keep wild animals away. In the winter he is moved to the home ranch but he is out every day with his flock and he knows not at what time a storm may come up that will prevent his getting the flock home but will necessitate his camping on the range with it. Many a herder has stayed with his flock all night long when the mercury was twenty degrees below zero, and some have even lost their lives in their devotion to their employer's interest. And more than once has the herder been compelled to roll out of his bed in the midst of night, knock down his corral and go with his flock, which would drift before the storm until some sheltered place was reached and remain with them until the storm was hushed or assistance came. Then think of the thousands of dollars' worth of property entrusted to the herder's care and of the countless dangers to which a flock is subjected and say, if you can, that the position is one that can be filled by any irresponsible individual. In the first place the condition in which the flock enters the winter depends largely upon the judgment of the herder in getting the flock out to graze in time and keeping them there as the days begin to shorten, until evening; upon seeing that they have water and a change of range. There is also great danger of a flock piling and smothering. The herder must also look out to prevent stampedes, for these result in great losses in smothering. The herder is also expected to detect the first appearance of disease. This, however, in this age, is not so frequent as earlier in the history of this industry when scab was prevalent. But with so many things depending upon his efforts, certainly a shiftless, irresponsible individual is not calculated to fill the position. We learn also from our leading growers that they prefer to employ the highest priced men as they get the best service from such, for in sheep herding as in other pursuits, merit commands its reward. If the man who sneers at the sheep herder and makes light of the calling, will but enquire into the facts he will find out that this class of people, reckless as some of them may seem, occupy positions of trust the responsibility of which are great indeed.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

FEEDING CLAMS.—In Oldtown is a man who's making money fast out of clams, though he is at present feeding the clams to his pigs. He keeps a hotel and has bonded a clam flat. His clams arrive each day. He keeps them two weeks, feeding them on celery meal and corn meal. They laugh and grow fat. Then he boils them, a bushel at a time. He puts in a quart of water and takes out eight quarts. The water is strained and set aside for a day in a refrigerator. Then it is heated, seasoned with salt and pepper and sole for five cents a glass. He has a big trade. A bushel of clams delivered costs sixty cents. He feeds them forty cents' worth. He gives a four-ounce drink. There are thirty-two drinks in a gallon, and sixty-four drinks are secured from a bushel of clams. Net profit on a bushel of clams \$2.20. Many try to imitate him, but no one knows how to feed the clams as he does. His pigs grow fast, more-over.—*Astorian*.

**A Beautiful Phenomenon.**

Ex-Gov. Gilman of Minnesota made an exploring trip through the unexplored Washington peninsula last year. At one time, when at the base of Mount Olympus, a rain-storm sprang up from the water's edge, and took its way up the mountain. Its ascent was so interesting that he watched it for an hour, and when it reached the snow-line a most beautiful transformation took place, the rain precipitating into snow as rapidly as it passed the line, half at one time being snow and half rain.

The Colonel Wanted Hair.

Colonel Patrick Henry Winston, a few evenings ago, was at the mercy of a Columbia Street barber. It is no secret to those who know the colonel that the crown of his head is as barren of hair as a Dakota ridge is of vegetation in winter. The barber had just finished shaving him and the colonel had straightened himself in the chair for the arrangement of the few straggling sprays that Nature had with compassion left him.

"Now, colonel," said the tonsorial artist, in his softest tones, "what do you want on your head?"

"Hair; hair, sir!" the colonel replied, in pitying tones.

The crowd laughed heartily at the colonel's expense as he moved from the chair and informed the barber that he had again unpleasantly reminded him of Nature's cruelty.—*Seattle Telegraph*.

A Proposed Elephant Ranch.

Another novel enterprise in stock raising is to be added to the ostrich farm, the black cat ranch and the chicken ranches of the coast. A Mr. Newbury, of California, is enthusiastic over a project he is about to carry out of starting an elephant ranch in that State. He proposes to cultivate the elephant for its meat and its capacity for hard and diversified work. He says that "as an article of food the elephant is superior to the horse," and most people will be willing to accept his statement, though not fully appreciating its force. He says that behind a tough exterior it hides a tender steak, and that African explorers are profuse in their praise of elephant cutlets. A full grown elephant weighs about 7,000 pounds, and Mr. Newbury counts 6,000 of this as good meat. He is going to train the elephants to pick oranges and hire them out to orange growers.—*Astorian*.

Scandinavians in Minneapolis.

I think Minneapolis is a beautiful little city, but I leave here surprised not to see more Scandinavians, Sir Edwin Arnold is reported to have said.

There was quite a sprinkling of "Scandinavians" in attendance upon his lecture Tuesday before last, and the great writer must have brushed against scores of them on the five miles walk which the papers say he took about town.

But if he expected to see them looking different from other folks, or constituting an element separate and distinct from their American fellow-citizens, he was very much mistaken.

In that respect there are no more Scandinavians than there are Hottentots in Minneapolis. Had Sir Edwin extended his stay, and enlarged his field of observation, this would soon have been

come apparent to him. And in due time, he would also have learnt how, while assimilating with all the other nationalities that make up the American people, they still preserve intact certain traits of character that future observers will be able to trace in the Americans of the Northwest. And those are not bad characteristics, either.—*The North*.

The Wily Chinese.

Senator Watson C. Squire, of Washington, who has been in New York for the holidays, was talking yesterday about affairs in his State, when he told some racy stories about the opium smuggling that goes on along the Pacific Coast and the running in Chinese from Canada against the provisions of the Chinese Emigration law. The variety of ways in which opium is brought in without paying the duty is legion. The Chinamen all look alike, and each new comer has been instructed to state that he has lived in America for a certain number of years, has been on a visit to China and is returning to his business. Names and places of business are given by arrangements with Chinamen living in this country, and as the Chinamen are deceitful beyond any nation of the world the Government agents find it difficult to prove up cases against the new comers.—*New York Press*.

The Rich Red River Valley.

Frank L. Whitney, general passenger agent of the Great Northern, is a Red River Valley enthusiast. Speaking of the prosperous condition of that section of the Northwest, he said, recently: "No equal area of agricultural land in America can show results with the twelve counties of the Red River Valley in the same period of settlement. With 160,000 population, largely gathered during the last fifteen years, and not one-third of the land in cultivation, wealth has accumulated at an unprecedented rate, as evidenced by the presence of sixty-one banks—more than in Florida, with three times the population, and within four of as many as in Mississippi, a State with seven times as many people. The intelligence of the citizenship of the valley is shown in the liberal support given to nine daily and fifty-five weekly papers. Churches and schools are found in every town and neighborhood, and the report of the Postmaster General shows that in Crookston, Moorhead, Fargo, Hillsboro, Grand Forks, Grafton, Wahpeton and other towns the per capita postal receipts range from \$2 to \$3, while in towns of equal population in the East and South, the receipts range from fifty cents to \$1. The capital and deposits in the banks will aggregate \$12,000,000—a large sum for an agricultural people, many of whom are paying for improvements, while others, distrustful of banks, make disposition of it in ways satisfactory to themselves. A good many farmers are loaning money to their neighbors. A farmer in Grand Forks County told me that he started nine years ago with \$500 given him by his father. He has a fine farm now and \$11,000 loaned out and is spending the winter among his old friends in New York."

The Skagit Valley, Washington.

Up the Skagit for thirty miles from its mouth the valley is broad and heavily timber clad, save on the Olympic marsh. Occasionally there is a fir-tree-surrounded farm that marks land that has been logged. All this broad area of land—say thirty miles long by six miles broad—is alluvial, and when cleared and put under the plow it is productively equal to the delta land. I think it is more valuable, because it produces fruit and vegetables of a better quality than the delta. The soil is from two to six feet deep, of the finest silt. Wherever land is cleared in the valley

white clover appears. The productive capacity of the land continues right up into the heart of the Cascade Mountains.

Thirty miles from the salt water and on the south side of the river, a low, mound-shaped hill rises, as an island, from the level surface of green fir hill tops. That mound marks the western extremity of the Cascade foothills. It is low, but to the east in successive billows the cross divides rise higher and higher, till beyond the Sauk they merge into the lofty, snow-clad peaks of the range. Above this mound the foothills are ever by the river, either on one bank or on the other, but the valley is from two to four miles above the mound. For sixty miles above the first foothill the valley is inhabited. Wherever there has been a logging camp in the past there is a farm to-day, and a farm that produces enormously of wheat, oats, vegetables, hops and fruits. I came down the valley January 8th, and there had not been a killing frost below the mouth of the Sauk. All hardy vegetables were growing in the open air; grass was green; cattle were in pasture. Around farmhouses flowers were in bloom. The air was soft and warm. The wind was blowing free from the west, from the ocean through which an enormous river of warm water (Japan stream) flows.—*Frank Wilkison*.

Not in His Catalogue.

Officer Andy Call, of the St. Paul police force, is looked upon by his acquaintances as one of Nature's select noblemen, and the fact that he is a native of the "Ould Sod" lowereth not by the fraction of a hair his respect for all institutions American—civil, religious or military. But there is a sensitive spot in Andy's make-up, and some of his waggish friends have at times taken mean advantage of it: He believes his knowledge of St. Paul's current affairs to be pretty thorough, and it rather tries his uncommonly good temper to have it questioned.

One day last summer a gentleman from Fargo inquired of Andy, at his usual post at Third and Jackson, where the new Floating Bethel was moored. The newspapers had published lengthy descriptions of it, and he wanted to see it.

"Phwat's that yoore lookin' fur?"

"The new Bethel. It's near here, I understand."

"Will ye tell me phwat it's loike?"

"Oh, a sort of floating church, or Sunday school. It is moored somewhere in this part of town, on the river."

"Looky here, stranger, air ye a' joakin'?"

"Not a bit of it. I read about it in the papers."

Andy eyed the man suspiciously for a moment, and then, drawing himself up to his full six-feet, he replied in a cautioning tone,

"We don't build choorches on the wather, in St. Paul. We build 'em on solid rock. Niver moind, now, don't say another woord!"

The Fargo man concluded to try another good-natured looking policeman—Officer Sam Gerber—standing at Third and Robert, and moved in that direction. But Andy's suspicions were thoroughly aroused by this time; he strode past the stranger, went up to the other officer and whispered hoarsely in his ear, as he indicated the approaching Fargoite, "Keep an oye on his nobs, Sam; he's lookin' fur a floatin' choorch! I believ he's chrazy!"

Some fine specimens of asbestos are said to be coming from the newly discovered veins of that mineral in the Gallatin Basin, Montana. The vein is reported to show an outcropping thirty feet in width, with no indication of its being of a property nature. The specimens taken from near the surface are very fine, the fibers being long and elastic. Asbestos is ranked among the rare and valuable minerals, and this new discovery is likely to develop into a very valuable mine.



Wisconsin.

THE Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railroad has been purchased by the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. The Lake Shore road is an important lumber line, but because of its lack of western connections the lumber from along its lines has found a market in Milwaukee and Chicago instead of westward. The new relationship between the Lake Shore and Northwestern is likely to result in more or less of the lumber produced along this line finding a western market whenever the demand is sharp in that direction. When the line from Wausau to Marshfield is completed, the Northwestern in connection with the Omaha will have a very direct line westward from the Lake Shore's territory.—*Minneapolis Lumberman*.

Minnesota.

WHAT surprises the Eastern visitor to the Red River Valley is the number of grain elevators, which stand everywhere along the horizon like ships at sea. From the roof of the State Normal School at Moorhead twenty-three large elevators can be counted, located on the eight lines of railway radiating from that place and Fargo.

ONE striking thing about the Northwest is the long days of summer. The country is so big that it takes the sun all night to go down. One can read the newspapers in the Red River Valley till near ten o'clock at night by daylight. Perhaps here is one of the secrets of the rapid maturity of the grain, root and vegetable crops. This country has over 200 hours more light during May, June and July than you have at Indianapolis, and light is the great factor in growth.—*Indiana Farmer*.

MNISTOTA, the thirteenth State in size, includes 79,205 square miles, has a population of 1,301,826 and 426 newspapers. The dailies and weeklies of St. Paul and Minneapolis go over the northern and western parts of the State, as well as into North and South Dakota. Some of the Wisconsin papers are found in the southern part. There are thirteen cities and towns having more than 5,000 inhabitants. Minnesota has a greater number of newspapers in proportion to the population than any other State in the Union.—*Printers' Ink*.

DURING 1891 the A. Booth Packing Company received in the neighborhood of 250,000 pounds of salted whitefish and trout from its army of fishermen on Lake Superior who ship to Duluth. The receipts of salt fish are smaller than for some years, owing to the largely increased catch of fresh fish, which shows up a total of about 2,500,000 pounds, of which amount one-third was whitefish and the remainder trout. The industry employed nearly 250 people, one steamer regularly and two tugs at intervals, sixty sail boats and a number of small tow boats. The value of the fishing tackle, such as nets, etc., but exclusive of boats or docks or landings, was about \$60,000. The whitefish are becoming quite plentiful again owing to the restocking by Dr. Sweeny's fish kindergarten, the United States fish hatchery at Lester River.—*Duluth News*.

North Dakota.

THE following cities and villages in North Dakota have 1,000 or more inhabitants, viz: Fargo 5,664, Grand Forks 4,979, Jamestown 2,296, Bismarck 2,186, Grafton 1,594, Wahpeton 1,510, Mandan 1,328 and Valley City 1,089.

DURING the summer just past, North Dakota bought and paid for 50,000 Montana sheep, which are now distributed through this State. The money invested in them will grow. Such investments are permanent sources of wealth.—*Grand Forks Plaindealer*.

THE Larimore Times says the total wheat receipts for this year are about 375,000 bushels—nearly double those of last year. Nearly a block of business houses have lately been erected and numerous old buildings have been renovated and moved to the front, and a general air of prosperity pervades the community.

THE demand for sheep continues to spread in the Dakotas, though there is, apparently, some disposition to unload in the older States, in anticipation of a shrinkage in the demand. There will, doubtless, be many disappointed men among those who have gone into sheep during the past two years, but the majority will succeed, and a great industry will grow out of it. The climate

and soil are adapted to the business, and sheep, well cared for, cannot fail to be profitable on the low-priced lands of the Northwest.—*Northwestern Agriculturist*.

MR. WALSH of Grand Forks, chairman of the North Dakota Railroad Commission, reports farmers in his region still threshing. Fully one-third of the grain is yet unthreshed, and the work progresses slowly in the cold weather. Mr. Walsh estimates that from 5,000 to 10,000 men will be needed in the spring to complete North Dakota's threshing.

THE Ransom County Gazette says that David Ash and family had a reunion Christmas and took occasion at the time to get weighed. The family consists of five children and father and mother, and their total weight was 1,550 pounds. As the father only weighs about 150 pounds it leaves a gross weight of 1,400 pounds for the six, or an average of 233 pounds.

IT is again announced that the Sisseton and Wahpeton Reservation will be opened for settlement about April 15th. The proclamation has not yet been issued but congressmen from the States interested are quoted as saying that the matter had been arranged and that it would be issued in January. It is the proclamation that intending settlers are waiting for and cannot be issued any too soon to please them.—*Lidgerwood Broadax*.

IT is said that the emigration scheme to locate German families in North Dakota is taking well, and that a thousand families will emigrate to North Dakota next year on terms offered by the syndicate which are to deed a quarter-section of land to each settler, build a comfortable dwelling and thoroughly equip the farm with live stock and machinery, allowing the emigrant to pay for it from the proceeds of his crop in moderate annual installments.—*Jamestown Alert*.

MISS BEMIS has organized a savings bank in her department of the schools which will be known as The Model School Savings Bank of Mayville, North Dakota. Each child who desires can have a deposit slip which contains a blank for each Monday in the year, where the deposits are entered. Deposits will be received by the teachers each Monday morning at the opening of the school in amounts from one cent up to any amount the pupil may wish to deposit.—*Goose River Farmer*.

F. B. GAGG, cashier of the Sykeston Bank, being asked as to the condition of that vicinity, replied: "The farmers of our neighborhood are feeling very good, although the crops in and around Sykeston are only about one-half threshed, and a good amount of that unthreshed is in shocks; still, for all that they all feel happy. Sykeston itself is growing very rapidly; we have a new block nearly completed, and several other buildings are being finished very rapidly. The outlook is excellent for our getting the Soo road through our country next spring; at least indications point in that direction. Up to two weeks ago, I have not inquired since, Sykeston shipped more cars of wheat than any other station along that branch of the Northern Pacific.—*Fargo Forum*.

COMMISSIONER H. GARDNER and Secretary F. Russell of the Soldier's Home board went to Fargo Tuesday evening to attend the adjourned meeting, returning yesterday morning. The meeting was held and the contract for building the Home was let for \$12,900 to C. A. Leek of Minneapolis. The Home will consist of one building large enough for the accommodation of thirty men, and is to be completed by July 1, 1892. There is to be a dormitory with thirty beds, hospital, four beds, morning, dining and other rooms, kitchen, etc. It will be two stories high with fourteen foot basement. The kitchen will be down stairs and the building will be heated by steam throughout with patent ventilation. The Home will be fitted up with all modern conveniences for the old veterans to spend the remainder of their lives in comfort.—*Linton Gazette*

CENSUS Bulletin, No. 137, giving population of North Dakota according to official returns of 1890, has just been received. It makes an interesting study, giving the population in detail of every county, township, city and village in the State, and every change made since the returns is noted, and a comparison to the report of 1880 is given, with per cent of increase in population. From it we quote: Population of North Dakota in 1891, 182,719; in 1880, 36,909—an increase of over 145,000. The most populous county is Cass, containing 19,613, with Grand Forks a good second with 18,357. The official count gives Stark County 2,304 inhabitants. With an increase in the State of 39% in the past decade, what may not be expected from the twelfth census, to be taken in the year 1890?

THERE is hardly any legitimate business but what has a bright future in prospect in North Dakota. In fact all kinds of such business are already prospering. There never was a more promising future before the people of this city and country than at the present time, not even in boom days. The absence of boom, which means

fictitious prices, makes the present outlook all the brighter because it has the foundation of permanency. The farmers have had experience in all kinds of climatic conditions, and know better than ever before how to meet these conditions. The products of the farm are more numerous in variety than ever before, and a failure of one may be made up in another. The time is near at hand when he that has a total failure of the products of his farm will be counted a poor farmer. And when the farmer prospers all other business will prosper.—*Jamestown Capital*.

THE Mandan Pioneer keeps constantly and vigorously before the people the vast lignite coal deposits in the West Missouri Country as a resource that will at some day not very far in the future be an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the State in general and to the owners of those coal lands in particular. The estimate is not without good reason. For several reasons that the future will prove, lignite is not a popular fuel, principal among which are the cost of transportation and want of properly constructed stoves for burning it. The former will be removed by railroad competition and the latter by inventive genius. In fact it is claimed that an Eastern man has patented a plan for putting lignite through a chemical process or combination that makes it equal to anthracite coal for domestic purposes at a cost of only a dollar per ton. If this be true it will solve the fuel problem for this State, and that has been quite a serious problem for several years.—*Jamestown Capital*.

Montana.

IN the lake region of Missoula County corn is grown that is equal to most of the Iowa fields. This region is destined to become a great fruit growing region.

THE Chicago Iron Works, manufacturers of mining machinery and machinery for the reduction of ores, have established their Western office in Helena, Montana. Mr. Menno Unzicker is in charge of the Western and Northwestern business.

THE rock foundation of the new hotel has been completed. Should we have a mild, meek, lovely, soft, gentle, unassuming and humble winter, the hotel may be completed by spring. An open winter and Italian skies are predicted in Montana with the regularity of taxes and death.—*Red Lodge Picket*.

JAMES B. HAGGIN, principal owner of the Anaconda copper mine, has purchased a tract of land contingent to the townsite of Three Forks, also several hundred lots within the corporation limits of the town, from John R. and Anna H. Toole, of Anaconda. It is stated that the Anaconda millionaire will next season begin the construction of an immense copper refinery at Three Forks.

NOT less than \$2,500,000 have been expended in buildings and improvements in Great Falls during the year 1891. And yet the city has experienced no boom. The expenditure was a necessity created by the expansion of a trade and business which are annually assuming larger proportions. Speculative investments incidental to "boom" towns cannot be noted in Great Falls during the year. Its advancement in material wealth is healthy and enduring.—*Tribune*.

BUTTE, with all her mills and smelters, and with the aid of the great Anaconda, is not able to reduce all the ore offered. The greatest mining camp in the world must prepare for still greater things. When we remember what Butte was in the early sixties, and see what it is to-day, we can begin to imagine what it will be in the early future, when all its best mines are developed. Great is Butte and fortunate are her mining men.—*Montana Mining Review*.

THE finest opera house in the State was opened at Great Falls early in January. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, the receipts being \$2,100. A. J. Shores, of this city, on behalf of the trustees, declared the house open to the public of the whole State, and lauded the enterprise of Great Falls in providing an edifice that would do credit to a city of 100,000. C. D. Weed, of Helena, on behalf of the people, accepted the building, saying the whole State would rejoice with and admire Great Falls.

A CLOSE reader of the various market reports during the past few months has not failed to notice that sales of Montana wool in considerable amounts have been quite numerous, and, while no accurate account of such sales is available, the totals reported seem to have already been in excess of the amount shipped from the State last season. It has been ascertained from reliable sources that Montana's wool product for 1891 did not exceed thirteen million pounds, and the weekly reports from the various Eastern wool markets indicate that more than this amount has already changed hands under the name of Montana wool. Similar transactions will doubtless continue to be recorded, and it is evident that the reputation of the Montana product is being used to dispose of wool not grown in this State. This method is not conducive to the best interests of the Montana grower, and

his reputation may suffer from some defect in clips wrongly credited to his production. Such a condition calls for protest from the flockmasters of the State, since it is obvious that values should be based upon merit alone—without trading upon the good name of superior goods.—*Fort Benton River Press*.

Idaho.

KENDRICK has shipped 162,000 bushels of wheat, against 30,000 bushels last year.

LAST Monday morning Conductor Near brought to this city from Wallace the largest train load of ore concentrates ever taken out of the Cœur d'Alene Country. The train consisted of twenty-five cars of ore, representing an actual cash value of \$50,000, and it required three large engines to haul it. The weight of the entire load was 500 tons, and the freight charges on the same from Wallace to Denver, its destination, were \$6,227.55.—*Tekoa (Wash.) Globe*.

THE Poorman mine is now operated throughout by electricity. The plant, which cost about \$50,000, is said to be the largest and most complete for mining purposes in the world. The power is gained from a comparatively small amount of water, which runs six large dynamos, one of 225-horse power. It is claimed that all the mills in Canyon Creek can be operated by the surplus power of the Poorman plant, and it no doubt will be utilized hereafter. Our friends in the Cœur d'Alenes deserve praise for their successful endeavors to harness the lightning dormant in our mountain streams.—*Missoula (Mont.) Gazette*.

A CORPORATION lately affected at Boise City with such men as Gov. Wiley, George Ainslie, and quite a number of Boise people at the back of it, called the "Idaho Development and Improvement Company," will no doubt prove a benefit to the entire State. The principal object of the organization is to aid in developing good mining properties. There are many men in Idaho who have valuable mining claims, but owing to lack of money they are not able to operate them to such an extent as to make them available in the markets. The company will assist these men and aid in developing prospects that in their judgment are worthy of it. This is a move in the right direction and will do much toward developing the good mineral properties of Idaho.—*Lewiston Teller*.

In June, 1890, the population of the State of Idaho was, exclusive of Indians, only 66,000. To-day, according to careful and conservative estimates, made by Secretary of State A. J. Pinkham, there are 130,000 people within its borders, including the Indians, of whom there are not more than 6,000. The figures may to some seem rather extravagant, but those who are familiar with the different portions of the State will support Mr. Pinkham's statements. Men have for two years been rushing to the Cœur d'Alene mining and lumbering districts. From mere hamlets Wallace, Wardner and Mullan have grown to bustling towns. New villages have sprung up all over "the panhandle," and the population of every little crossroads place has steadily waxed. When the Cœur d'Alene Indian Reservation was thrown open many months ago at least 1,000 people rushed into Idaho from Washington and Oregon. All of them did not secure land, but not one in ten departed from the State. The growth of Moscow has been wonderful, and its population is upon the steady increase. Lewiston, too, has rapidly and strongly forged ahead, and its growth has not yet ceased to surprise people. Idaho Falls, Pocatello, in fact, the population of every town in Idaho, has been greatly augmented, and hundreds of men have flocked to the rich mining centers.

Oregon.

THE largest ship that ever entered the Columbia River reached Astoria in January. She is the British vessel Uilda, and her capacity is 2,078 tons. She draws twenty-two feet of water. Since the work on the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia has deepened the channel and washed away the once dreaded bar more and larger ships are seeking its harbor than ever before.

If there has ever been evidence of the Willamette Valley being turned into a paradise of fruit orchards, those indications are now plainly to be seen. Acre after acre of the best land is being set to nurseries, and orchards by the score are being planted this winter, and many more small tracts of five to twenty acres of the choicest land in all the valley will be turned into orchards in the spring. The example of California in supplying Eastern markets with their choicest fruit has been followed, and in a few years Oregon will do the same.—*Oregonian*.

WE believe that the greatest utilized water power at tide water, in the world, is at Oregon City, Oregon. The falls of the beautiful Willamette River at that point are admirably located for use, and that little city is bound to become one of the largest manufacturing centers in the United States. It is seldom that there are found as many advantages and inducements for the location of factories and other business enterprises as are combined

here. The water power is greater than that of Holyoke, Lawrence and Lowell, Mass., Manchester, N. H., and Minneapolis, Minn., combined.—*Northwestern Financier*.

QUICK TRANSPORTATION OF WHEAT—A company is being organized in the East with the object of carrying Oregon wheat from Portland to Liverpool in sixty days, which is about half the time now occupied in carrying it around the Horn. This feat on quick transportation is to be performed by means of whaleback steamers carrying wheat in bulk to Panama, where elevators will be built, through which it will be loaded in cars and taken to Aspinwall, where, through other elevators, it will be loaded in whalebacks which will take it to Liverpool. If this plan is carried out it will be the realization of the dream of shippers, who have for years been trying to devise some plan for sending wheat to England in bulk.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Washington.

ALONG the Columbia River near Orondo it is said that fruit raising can be successfully carried on without irrigation, a number of orchards in that locality having done exceedingly well this season. The settlers are therefore making preparations to go into this business more extensively in the future.

A NOTEWORTHY sight was that which passed through Dickinson this week for the World's Fair exhibit in Chicago. It consisted of several mammoth trees of the fir variety over 100 feet long, entirely free from all knots or blemishes. They were loaded at Tacoma and will make a fine exhibit of Washington's resources in the timber line. They were loaded on three flat cars.—*Dickinson (N. D.) Press*.

COL. C. W. GRIGGS, president of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, yesterday closed a contract for 45,000,000 feet of manufactured lumber to parties whose names will not at present be divulged. Speaking of the transaction Col. Griggs said that the report that it was to go to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company was not true. The lumber is said to go in another direction. It will be manufactured at their large mill in Tacoma, and the delivery will extend over a period of some two years.—*Tacoma Globe*.

A CEDAR tree near Arlington, Snohomish County, measures sixty-eight feet in circumference. Around the knotty roots the tree measures ninety-nine feet. About seventy-five feet from the ground it forks into four immense branches, and just below the forks is a big knot hole. Five men climbed into the hole and explored the interior of the tree. It was found to be a mere shell, and about forty-five feet down it would afford standing room for forty men. The tree is still green, and a remarkable feature is said to be that it is barked on the inside and outside alike.

In 1890 L. C. Parrish bought a ranch of 160 acres in the Moxee Valley, four miles from this city, for \$3,500, or \$22 per acre. The first year he cut 200 tons of hay which he sold @ \$12 per ton, or \$2,400; 1300 bushels of wheat @ 75 cents, \$975; 300 bushels of potatoes @ 40 cents, \$120; garden truck, \$350. It will thus be seen that the first year his crop paid for the farm and left him a balance of \$345. Mr. Parrish says that he has done fully as well during 1891, which would make his receipts from the farm in two years \$7,600, or a balance to his credit of \$4,180 after paying for the land. Estimating his expenses, including help at \$1,200 per year, he has in two years netted \$5,290; or paid \$3,500 for 160 acres of land and has accumulated in cash \$1,790. Is there any farming section of country in the world where a showing equal to this can be made? It is a net annual return of over 75 per cent on the investment, and any country that will do this is a good one to tie to.—*Yakima Herald*.

THE Centralia News man finds himself in a quandary and the cause is about this way: Last Friday Councilman E. R. Butterworth proceeded to his garden and plucked a luscious ripe apple from one of his trees. Now the day is down on the calendar as January 1, 1892, and it is a puzzle to decide the fine point whether the apple belongs to the crop of '91 or of '92. It makes all the difference in the world to which way the matter is decided, for it may be either a very early or a very late specimen. Anyhow, Mr. Butterworth's stated reason for plucking the apple is entirely different from that of our great first parent, Adam. Those who are old enough recollect that he was overpersuaded by his better half, and against his better judgment, but in this case the apple was picked (not plucked, as was Adam's) to prevent the blossoms pushing it off. The fruit is about as nice or even nicer than some taken from the same tree months ago. Not a spot or blemish can be found, speaking volumes for our mild winters.

THOSE borax beds south of Coulee City that have been so much heralded as being situated in the vicinity of Ellensburg, prove not to be borax as at first supposed. Yet, the bed of deposit is not worthless, but contains the main ingredient used in the manufacture of glass. A careful analysis shows the supposed borax deposit to be almost pure sulphate of soda of over ninety-nine per cent

in purity; the remainder being silica and chloride of soda. The manufacture of glass is very profitable. With an abundance of pure sand in a reasonable distance, and an endless supply of sulphate of soda lying right on the surface, there is no reason why it should not be utilized, and capital be invested in a large glass manufactory right here in Coulee City. There is no glass furnace, we think, west of Illinois. The distance to ship the brittle stuff, and the heavy freight makes that necessary article come high on the Pacific Coast. With two great railroads and the raw material at our door, Coulee City would be a fine location for the manufacture of glass.—*Coulee City News*.

Alaska.

A LATE explorer in the wonderland of Alaska reports that he found large deposits of ivory near the Yukon River and judges from the immense quantity there that in pre-glacial days ivory-bearing animals fought a great battle at that place when thousands were slain, their tusks and skeletons remaining to this day. The fact that he has about induced a company to send a ship next summer to bring down a cargo of the ivory gives a shadow of truth to an otherwise wild story.

SPECIAL MENTION.

A Work of Art.

Vick's *Floral Guide* for 1892 ornaments the exchange table and adds a touch of color thereto that is highly appreciable, to say nothing of the hundred-odd pages of cuts and information pertaining to the vegetable kingdom. The *Guide* is even more than ordinarily exhaustive and interesting this year.

"The Glorious Climate of California"

Is held to answer for pretty much everything which occurs regarding politics, religion, population and grapes, or anything else in the favored Golden State. And truth to tell there is no climate like it in the world.

The California trip of this winter is one of the most charming in America. The Union and Southern Pacific Railroads have made vast improvements upon the line via Ogden, and the journey now to San Francisco is accomplished with the greatest possible ease and comfort, without the delay formerly incident to winter travel.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Utah Hot Springs.

Located nine miles north of Ogden, on the Union Pacific, at the foot of the Wasatch Range, are the Utah Hot Springs. They have an elevation of about 4,500 feet above sea level, and are far superior to the celebrated Hot Springs of Arkansas. The flow is about 150,000 gallons of water per day, which is conducted into the hotel from the springs in pipes, for private bathing and for the great open bath.

The bracing air of the Wasatch Range, mingling with the saline breezes of the Great Salt Lake, with the pure water of these thermal, balsamic springs, nowhere excelled for drinking or bathing purposes, produce a natural combination of marvellous curative properties, and many cases of rheumatism have been cured here when other remedies have failed. Reached only by the Union Pacific. E. L. Lomax, Gen'l Pass. and Tk't Agent, Omaha, Neb.

A Gem in the Mountains.

Nestling between two ranges of mountains about one mile from Hailey, on the Wood River Branch of the Union Pacific, and in the valley of the same name are the Hailey Hot Springs.

Considerable money has recently been spent here on improvements, and to-day it has a hotel, which in its appointments is equal to the first class hotels in our large cities.

The waters rise at the foot of the mountain at a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit and are conducted to the hotel in large pipes.

The private and plunge baths for ladies and gentlemen are all located in the hotel, a convenience not afforded at other noted springs. The curative properties of these springs are unequalled.

Reached via the Union Pacific. E. L. Lomax, Gen'l Pass. and Tk't Agent, Omaha, Neb.



MY VALENTINE.

My gray goose quill
With ink I fill,
And may not stay its rhythmic rill
For all the ruth;
While fools forsooth,
Laugh at such things, as Love and Truth.

May Time and Tide
With thee abide,
And fill life's river deep and wide;
That ever more
From shore to shore,
Thy bark may glide serenely o'er.

May you ne'er miss,
The matchless bliss
Enshrined in love's first burning kiss;
May Cupid coy,
That truant boy
Never bring you aught save peace and joy.

May love to thee,
Forever be
As deep and boundless as the sea;
And no rude note,
Of discord float,
Across thy horizon remote.

May all thy days,
And all thy ways,
Be joyous as the linnet's lays:
And may thy mate,
Ordained by fate,
Prove ever king and potentate.

Around love's shrine,
Forever twine
The laurel wreaths, and ivy vine;
May hope's star shine!
Life's oil and wine
Be ever thine, Sweet Valentine!

ETOILE.

SONG OF THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

"It's 'clickity-click! clickity-click!'
'Till the very sound of it makes me sick;
'Clickity-click!' from morn till night,
And then in my dreams until broad daylight.
'Clickity-click!' my living to win,
'Till my finger-tips are all worn thin;
'Clickity-click!' 'till my brain's awhirl!"—
So sang a pretty typewriter girl.
Oh! isn't it strange, and isn't it queer,
When she might have had a Smith Premier?

"'Clickity-click!' with the senior pard
Eyeing me over his spectacles, hard;
'Clickity-click!' with the junior pard
Whispering, 'Really, don't work so hard.'
'Clickity-click!' 'till my eyes are blurred,
And I scarcely can see of my notes a word;
'Till my frizzles droop, and my bangs uncurl,
And I wish there was never a typewriter girl."
You'd have changed your song, my pretty dear,
If you'd only had a Smith Premier.

"'Clickity-click!' is the only song
That rings in my ears through the days so long;
'Clickity-click!' though the heart may ache,
Still, the weary fingers no rest may take.
'Clickity-click!' the machine must go,
If one girl dies, there are others, you know;
But when I'm dead, on my tombstone stick
These words: 'She died of the clickity-click!'"
The Smith Premier does not "click" as loud as the
one this girl refers to.—GREAT POINT.

Chamber of Commerce Building, St. Paul, Minn.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Perfect Photography.

Again we call attention to the superior work of Mr. Thomas M. Swem, the accomplished photographic artist in the Michaud building, No. 419 Wabasha Street, St. Paul. Mr. Swem has perhaps the best appointed and the best equipped photographic gallery in the Northwest. His instruments are all made by Dallmeyer of London, and are the finest and best in use. He executes the best specimens and varieties of the art, from a moderate size photograph to one of life size and natural proportions, taken direct from the camera and finished in elegant style. He employs a thoroughly competent corps of operatives, and does a very large amount of work, and yet nothing is allowed to leave his establishment that is not first class in every respect. At the Minnesota State Fair of 1888 he was awarded the gold medal for the best collection of portrait photography. He is a member of the National Association of Photographers, and a practical and progressive artist, always thoroughly informed in everything relating to the advancement of his profession. Mr. Swem deserves his valuable reputation and extraordinary success.

Four Hundred Miles as the Crow Flies

is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and Chicago.

These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car service in the world.

The electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits, as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the West enjoying the exclusive use of this patent.

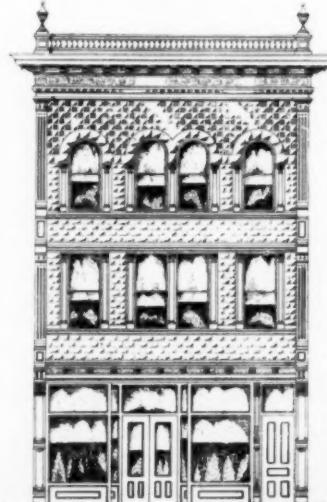
For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address W. D. Dixon, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent St. Paul, Minn.

St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works.

This cut shows one of our latest designs for metallic stone fronts. These fronts have become very popular owing to their great durability and artistic design. Our copper fronts are taking the lead in the East where they are used in connection with iron construction, although they can be used to the same advantage with backing of wood, cement or brick. We make fronts of all metals, but those of galvanized iron are particularly adapted to sections of the country where building materials are high in price. The construction of our fronts is such as to enable any mechanic to put them in place, and all joints are absolutely water-tight. The cost of these fronts is only a fractional part of stone or brick, and they can be used to reface an old brick or wood front as well as in new work, and when properly painted and sanded cannot be told from the stone they are intended to represent.

Reasons why you should use our Metallic Stone:—There is no leaking, breaking or blowing off. They are lighter and more rapidly put up than brick or stone. Thoroughly storm proof, (allowance being made for expansion and contraction). Our patent lock is the best and most secure ever applied to metallic plates. They are indestructible, either in transportation or in handling. They weigh 100 pounds to the square, and take a low classification in shipment. They are made of copper and other sheet metals and on the building are the counterpart of a finely finished stone and make the most attractive and desirable facing yet produced or offered to the building trade.

Send for our new catalogue.



The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Now Runs

"Parlor Cars to Chicago,"
"Daylight Trains to Chicago,"
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Chicago,"
"Steam Heated Trains to Chicago,"
"Electric Lighted Trains to Chicago,"
"Electric Reading Lamps in Berths,"
"Finest Dining Cars in the World,"
"Thirteen hours and a half to Chicago,"
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Kansas City,"
"Double Daily Pullman Service to St. Louis,"
"Through Coaches to St. Louis,"
"Through Coaches to Kansas City on Morning and Evening Trains,"
"Elegant Day Coaches,"
"Magnificent Lunch Cars,"
"Pullman's Best Sleepers,"
"The Shortest and Quickest Line,"
"The Best Route to Kansas City,"
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Secure accommodations from the Company's agents in St. Paul or Minneapolis, or from any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest.

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PIRATE PLOWS.

Buckeye Low-Down Shoe Drills,
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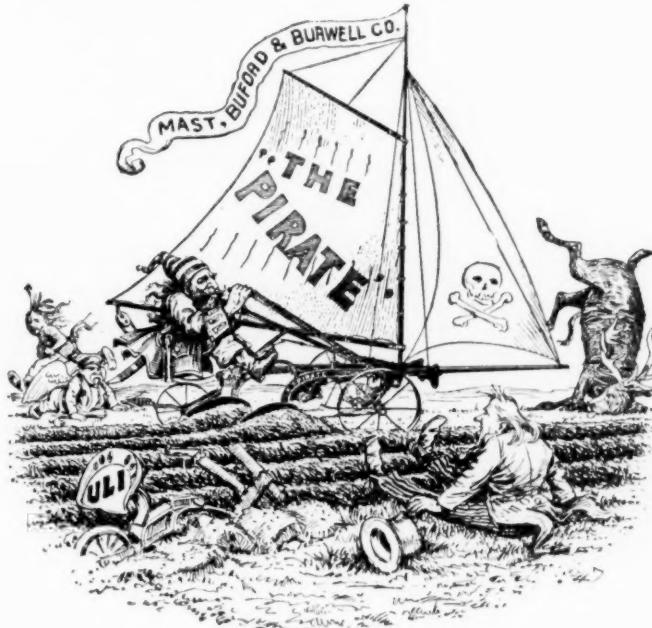
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Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888.....	\$5,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1889.....	\$20,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1890.....	\$29,841,750
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Real Estate Transfers for 1890.....	\$15,000,000
Banks in 1880.....	1
Banks Jan. 1st, 1891.....	14
Bank Clearances for 1880.....	\$25,000,000
Bank Clearances for 1890.....	\$47,000,000
Wholesale business for 1889.....	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business for 1890.....	over \$18,000,000
Value of manufacturing products for 1889.....	\$6,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888.....	\$2,148,573
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889.....	\$5,821,195
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1890.....	\$6,273,430
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	\$90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	\$263,200
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889.....	over \$700,000

Population, {Census 1890,} 40,165.

Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	\$250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	\$506,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889.....	\$750,000
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1889.....	(Tons) 180,940
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1889.....	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1887.....	(Feet) 107,326,280
Wheat shipped in 1889.....	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Private Schools in 1889.....	4
Public Schools in 1888.....	2
Public Schools in 1889.....	9
Value of Public School Property, 1889.....	\$264,480
Value of Private School Property, 1889.....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1889.....	67
Electric line in operation.....	(Miles) 12
Electric line building.....	(Miles) 26
Cable line building.....	(Miles) 2
Steam motor lines in operation.....	(Miles) 32

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA is now the Metropolis of Puget Sound, and is the best location for manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

ISAAC W. ANDERSON,

Geneneral Manager of The Tacoma Land Co., TACOMA, WASH.

N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

SEDRO, WASHINGTON.

SITUATION.—Sedro lies in the center of the famous Skagit Valley, with direct outlets by rail to tide water at Anacortes, Fairhaven, Seattle and Tacoma; also via Skagit River.

RESOURCES.—Immediately adjacent to Sedro are magnificent agricultural lands yielding in hops 2,000 pounds to the acre, 100 bushels of oats, four tons of hay, 400 bushels of potatoes. Fruit grows to perfection. Besides there are timber and mineral lands.

COAL.—Coal mines are in operation five and ten miles distant. Tests have shown these coals to make the best of coke.

IRON.—Iron is in inexhaustible quantities adjacent to the coal.

LUMBER.—Adjacent to Sedro are the finest timber lands in the State, averaging 50,000 feet to the acre. Fir and cedar.

GOLD AND SILVER.—The celebrated Silver Creek, Sauk, and Cascade mining districts are in the upper valleys tributary to Sedro. The ores are mostly galena, very rich in silver.

HOPS.
TIMBER.
S E D R O
OATS.
FRUIT.
SILVER.
GOLD.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Limestone, marble, copper, nickel, mica, asbestos, potter's clay.

TRANSPORTATION.—Sedro has four great railroad systems in operation—Oregon Improvement Co., Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific. Boats direct to Seattle and Sound ports, and the upper Skagit Valley, via Skagit River, the largest river emptying into Puget Sound.

MANUFACTURING.—Four lumber mills, shingle mills, Excelsior works. Openings exist for sash and door factory, furniture and bucket factory, paper and pulp works, oat meal mills, brewery, foundry machine shop and smelter.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Graded streets, \$25,000 hotel, \$10,000 school, coal bunkers, depots, wharf, warehouse, three churches, bank, newspaper, business blocks and residences.

For Maps and Pamphlets address

SEDRO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT CO.,

(INCORPORATED)

Box 785, Seattle, Wash., or

SEDRO, WASH.

The N. P. R. R. Co.'s New Car Shops at Tacoma

ARE NOW COMPLETED AND IN OPERATION.

These shops are located in the southern part of the city; the grounds comprise an area of sixty-five acres; the buildings number thirty in all, and cost

\$750,000. 1,000 Skilled Workmen

will be employed in these shops within a short time and another 1,000 will soon find employment in the various manufactories that must, in the very nature of things, cluster about the shops. These men, with their families, mean a population of at least 10,000 people in the immediate vicinity of the shops within the next eighteen months. As a result of all this, property there will advance rapidly in value.

THE EXCELSIOR PARK LAND CO.

owns and controls all the desirable property platted and unplatted in the immediate vicinity of the shop grounds and is now offering for sale

CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS

at reasonable prices and on easy terms. This property is only NINE MINUTES' ride on the N. P. R. R. from the Pacific Avenue Depot

The company offers liberal inducements for the location of MANUFACTORIES. It has already located one plant, viz: The American Foundry Co., employing eighty men. For a picture of the shops, prices of lots, maps and descriptive matter of this property, together with a bird's-eye view of Tacoma and printed matter regarding the State of Washington, address

RUSSELL T. JOY, General Manager of The Excelsior Park Land Co., Tacoma, Wash.

South Bend, Washington.

Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

SOUTH BEND, the seaport of WILLAPA HARBOR, is the terminus of the Yakima and Pacific Coast Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad now under construction to be completed from Chehalis to SOUTH BEND this year.

The Geographical position, tributary resources and natural advantages of SOUTH BEND, and its direct rail communication with the timber, coal and wheat of Washington insure its becoming one of the leading seaports of the Pacific Coast.

Government Charts show 29 feet of water over the bar of WILLAPA HARBOR at high tide, while the towing distance to the wharves at SOUTH BEND is only 16 miles against 140 on Puget Sound and 116 on the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon.

The extraordinary growth and development of the Puget Sound cities will be duplicated at SOUTH BEND, and parties seeking new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises or a field for investment will do well to investigate further and communicate with

**THOMAS COOPER, General Manager,
Northern Land and Development Company,
SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.**

DENVER ADDITION TO SOUTH BEND.

There are many prosperous and growing towns in Washington, but none whose future is more bright than the city of South Bend on Willapa Harbor, 16 miles from the Pacific Ocean and the ocean terminus of the Yakima & Pacific Coast Railroad, which will be the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad between Eastern and Western Washington.

South Bend has grown from a straggling village of nine months ago to a city of 3,000 inhabitants, much as Tacoma grew on the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad across the mountains, making it a railway terminus. New life and new activity is being infused into the city, and on the completion of the railroad this fall, there is every prospect that the population will almost double again. Like many other cities, South Bend is peculiarly situated, so that a certain large sized tract of land commands the location of the wharves, warehouses and other large business interests by its geographical position. Such a tract at South Bend composed a fine ranch two years ago, but the early promise of a great railroad made it too valuable for farm purposes, and it has been platted as the DENVER ADDITION.

As in all large Western cities, additions once on the edge of the town have been destined to become a portion of the business portion itself, so is the Denver Addition bound by that very force of circumstances to become almost the business center of South Bend. Within a year it is certain that this will become true, as by the railroad terminal improvements now being made the Denver Addition is to become the seat of the heavy traffic consequent upon the removal of the freight depots, warehouses and other facilities to the railroad property just north and adjoining the addition.

This insures for the Denver Addition the bulk of the retail business and the erection thereon, along the railroad, of warehouses, with side track facilities, and later the wholesale houses for the same reason.

The addition is level, sloping gently back and contains the best of both business and residence property in South Bend to-day.

The west line of the addition is within three blocks of the new \$50,000 Willapa Hotel, now building. Broadway is planked through the addition and other streets are soon to be improved in the same manner. Streets are 66 feet wide and avenues 80 feet.

It will thus be seen that the Denver Addition offers the best inducements of any property now available for bargains, either to turn quickly or to hold as an investment.

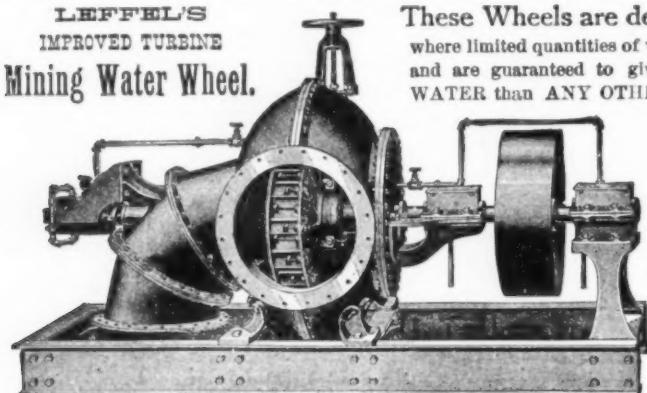
For full information regarding this property, apply to

THE DENVER LAND COMPANY,

**Room 11 Mason Block,
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**Franklin Building,
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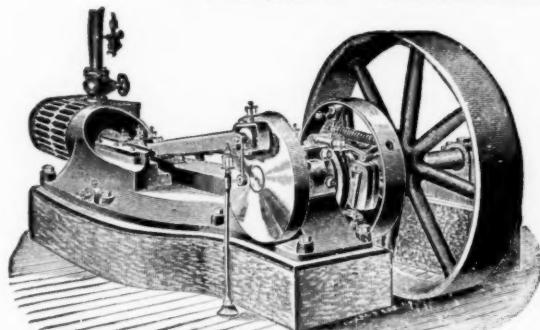
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TWINES, CORDAGE & WIRE ROPE

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CHICAGO.



Some men buy umbrellas, some achieve them, and some
get wet and swear.

A tombstone is about the only place where the average
man doesn't really care to have his name in print.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep, but a young man
knows better than this after he gets a mouthful of pink
paste.

"Now, Johnny," said papa. "Who was Adam?"
"He was the man who discovered the world," said
Johnny.

"Great guns! old fellow, how can you be happy and
look forward to a marriage with such a homely girl?"
"Rich aunts lend enchantment to the view."

Brown—"What! Are you going to marry that woman?
She has no figure."

Robinson—"Ah, but my dear boy, her father has."

Waggs—"What is the strongest case of mistaken iden-
tity you ever heard of?"

Waggs—"I once thought my wife was an angel."

When you see a married woman who makes a struggle
to keep up appearances you do not have to look far to
find a man who is struggling equally hard to keep down
expenses.

His Tailor—"But, my dear sir, you can hardly expect
us to trust you."

Himself (scornfully)—"My good fellow, the daughter of
one of the richest men in town trusts me."

He (on the shore with a camera, meeting a girl)—"Ah,
I beg your pardon; may I take you?"

Sue (with eagerness, but blushing)—"Yes, I'm perfectly
willing, but you'll have to ask papa, you know."

Penelope (sighing)—"Ah, the men are not what they
used to be!"

Tom—"I'd like to know why not?"

Penelope—"They used to be boys, you know."

The patient hen does all the work.

While the rooster does the crowing,

Some women, too, toll like a Turk,

And the men do all the blowing.

Gay Bachelor—"Do you think there is anything in the
theory that married men live longer than unmarried
ones?"

Hennepecked Friend (wearily)—"Oh, I don't know—seems
longer."

Sinnick—"So you are determined to marry Mrs. Weeds?

Do you believe she cares for you—or your money?"

Vanderghoud—"Cares for me? She swears she loves

me with all her might."

Sinnick—"H'm! the widow's mite."

Edwin—"What do you think I have in this locket, dearest?
The p. stage stamp on your last letter. It had been touched by your lips. It often touches mine."

Angelina—"Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened
that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear damp nose!"

She had risen several times to let a little man pass out
between the acts.

"I am very sorry to disturb you, madame," he remarked
apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time.

"Don't mention it," she replied, pleasantly. "I am
happy to oblige you; my husband keeps the bar."

She (admiringly)—"Were you ever afraid of anything?"

The Lieutenant—"Indeed, I have been."

She (breathlessly)—"What was it?"

The Lieutenant—"I was afraid once a girl was going
to sue me for breach of promise."

"What are you sitting on that step for?" asked a police-
man.

"Why, I live here, and I'm locked out."

"Well, why don't you ring up the man of the house?"

"I am the man of the house."

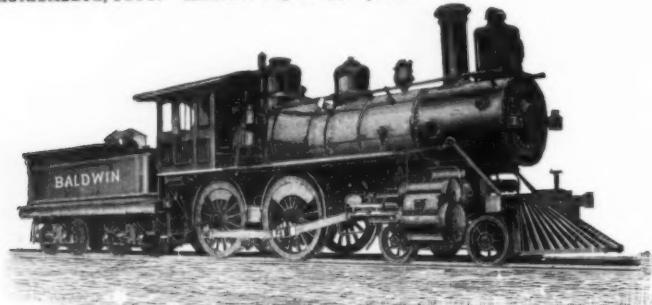
And the way he said it indicated his chances of getting
in might be better if he had been the woman.

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The Automatic Freight Brake is essentially the same apparatus as the Automatic Brake for passenger cars, except that the various parts are so combined as to form practically one piece of mechanism, and is sold at a very low price. The saving in accidents, flat wheels, brakemen's wages, and the increased speed possible with perfect safety, will repay the cost of its application within a very short time.

The Westinghouse Automatic Brake is now in use on 22,000 engines and 250,000 cars. This includes 161,000 freight cars, which is about 15 per cent. of the entire freight car equipment of the country. Orders have been received for 100,000 of the improved Quick Action Brakes since December, 1887.

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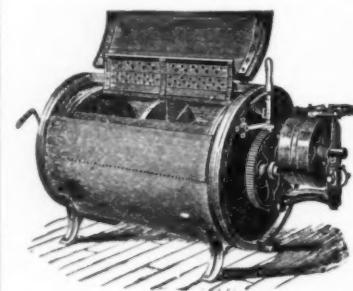
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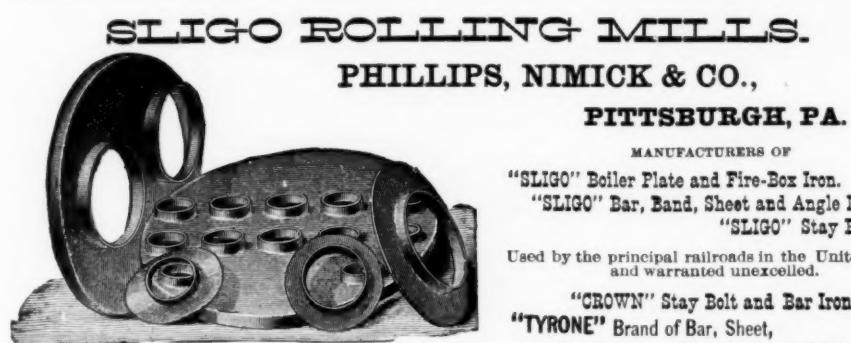
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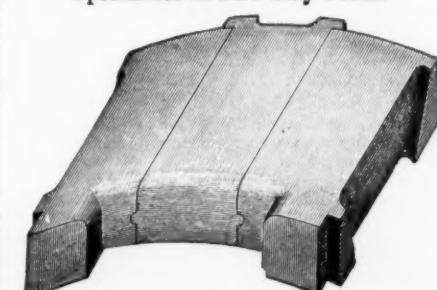
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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Creditor (angrily)—“Do you expect me to call many times for this account?” Debtor (blandly)—“I do, but I hope you won’t.”

He—“There’s a good deal to be said in favor of cremation.” She—(shivering)—“Yes, indeed, it’s so clean and nice and—warm.”

Penelope—“Do you see that handsome fellow by the piano? I rejected him once.” Perdita—“That’s nothing. I rejected him twice.”

Amy—“Papa, dear, Mr. Hunker says he loves the ground I walk on.” Papa—“No doubt, my daughter. Young Hunker wants the earth.”

Visitor—“May I consult the files of your paper for a week back?” Fresh Clerk—“Certainly; but I’d advise you to use a porous plaster in preference.”

“A Texas clergyman who was a reformed gambler was absorbed in thought one Sunday morning just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist who asked, referring to the opening hymn: ‘What shall I play?’ ‘Lead trumpet when in doubt,’ responded the absent-minded clergyman.”



MALICIOUS.

Old Coquette—“Just think, Julia, at the ball last night I had to listen to ten declarations of love.”

Dear Friend—“Indeed; you must have had a pretty girl sitting behind you.”

“As Shakespeare says,” remarked De Kique, “all the world’s a stage and nearly every man on it thinks he could do better than any of the stars if he had the chance.”

Hunker—“Ever since I can remember, Miss Flypp, I have searched for the beautiful, the true and the good.”

Miss Flypp—“Oh, Mr. Hunker, this is so sudden. But you may speak to papa.”

Gentleman (in the cars)—“This is a very pretty village.” Lecturer (in next seat)—“It is indeed.” G.—“Very intelligent people, too.” L.—“Yes, they are—now. I lectured there last winter.”

Elderly but Well-preserved Widow (in business)—“This is an employment agency, is it not?”

Manager—“It is, ma’am. What can I do for you?” “I want a bright, active, capable young man for a typewriter.”

Policeman (to tramp)—“I want your name and address.” Tramp (sarcastically): “Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith an’ me address is Number One, the open air. If yer call on me don’t trouble to knock, but just walk in.”

“I thought Sharp was in love with the soprano of the choir; he has just married the contralto.”

“He was in love with the soprano, I believe, but he

transferred his affection to the contralto. You see, he thought a low-voiced wife would be better than a high-voiced one. Sharp has a long head; he was looking to the future.”

“You are getting to be very fond of coffee, Mr. Hunker,” said Mrs. Small to her star boarder, as he passed his cup for the third replenishment.

“It isn’t that, Mrs. Small,” replied Hunker, “I’m taking the hot water treatment.”

Mrs. Phelin—“Is it well ye’re falin’ to-day, Mrs. Clancy?”

Mrs. Clancy—“Yis, thank ye, very well.”

Mrs. Phelin—“And shrong?”

Mrs. Clancy—“Yis, quoit shrong.”

Mrs. Phelin—“Thin perhabs, mam, ye’d be able to bring back the two washtubs ye’z borrid lasht Monday.”

Old Gotrox—“So you want to marry my daughter, do you?”

Young Gotrox—“Yes, sir.”

Old Gotrox—“Well, I don’t know anything about you. Can you give me good references?”

Young Gotrox—“The best in the world.”

Old Gotrox—“Who?”

Young Gotrox—“Your daughter.”

Generous Six-Year Old—“Papa, there’s a poor little cripple next door that hasn’t any use of his arms. I’d like to give him for a Christmas present some of the things I got last year.”

Papa (with tears of parental pride in his eyes)—“So you shall, my boy—so you shall. Give him that nice little drum Aunt Mary sent you.”

Intelligent Young Lady—“Do you believe, Mr. Thayer, that life is what we make it?”

Mr. Thayer (absorbed in his game)—“I make it hearts.”

Intelligent Young Lady (recalling her senses)—“Then you’ll have to play it a’one.”

Featherstone—“I tell you, old man, you ought to be in with a girl like Miss Grosgrain. Her father travels a great deal and while he is away we have a lovely time.” Ringway—“What do you do when he comes home?” F.—“Then I travel.”

A youth of this school who is trying to raise a moustache had some of the conceit taken out of him recently. Meeting a young lady friend he asked: “Don’t you think my moustache becoming, Miss —?” To which she replied: “It may become, but it has not got there yet.”—Grand Forks Student.

Papa—“See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?” Johnny—“What of it? See me spin this top. Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?”

Mr. Saphead—“I’ve got a fad, too, don’t ye know. I collect old and rare violins. Come around and see ‘em.”

Musician—“Do you play?”

Mr. Saphead—“Bless you, no, not a note.”

Musician (enthusiastically)—“I will come.”

Mudge—“What an aggravating habit Wickwire has of answering a question by asking another?” Yabsley—“I never noticed it.” Mudge—“Now, for instance, last night I asked him if he would lend me five dollars. He didn’t say whether he could or not, but asked me if I took him for a fool.”

“What kind of a girl is that whose acquaintance you made the other day?”

“Very nice, but a little too warm in her manner.”

“Too warm? Do you complain of that?”

“Not exactly, but her warmth raises the suspicion that she is somebody’s old flame.”

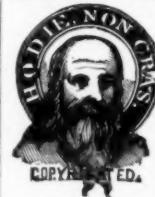
“I’ve always heard that you were of a generous disposition, John,” said the maiden, as her lover almost begged the breath out of her; “but I can hardly believe it.”

“Why can’t you?”

“Because I find you always near and grasping.”

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